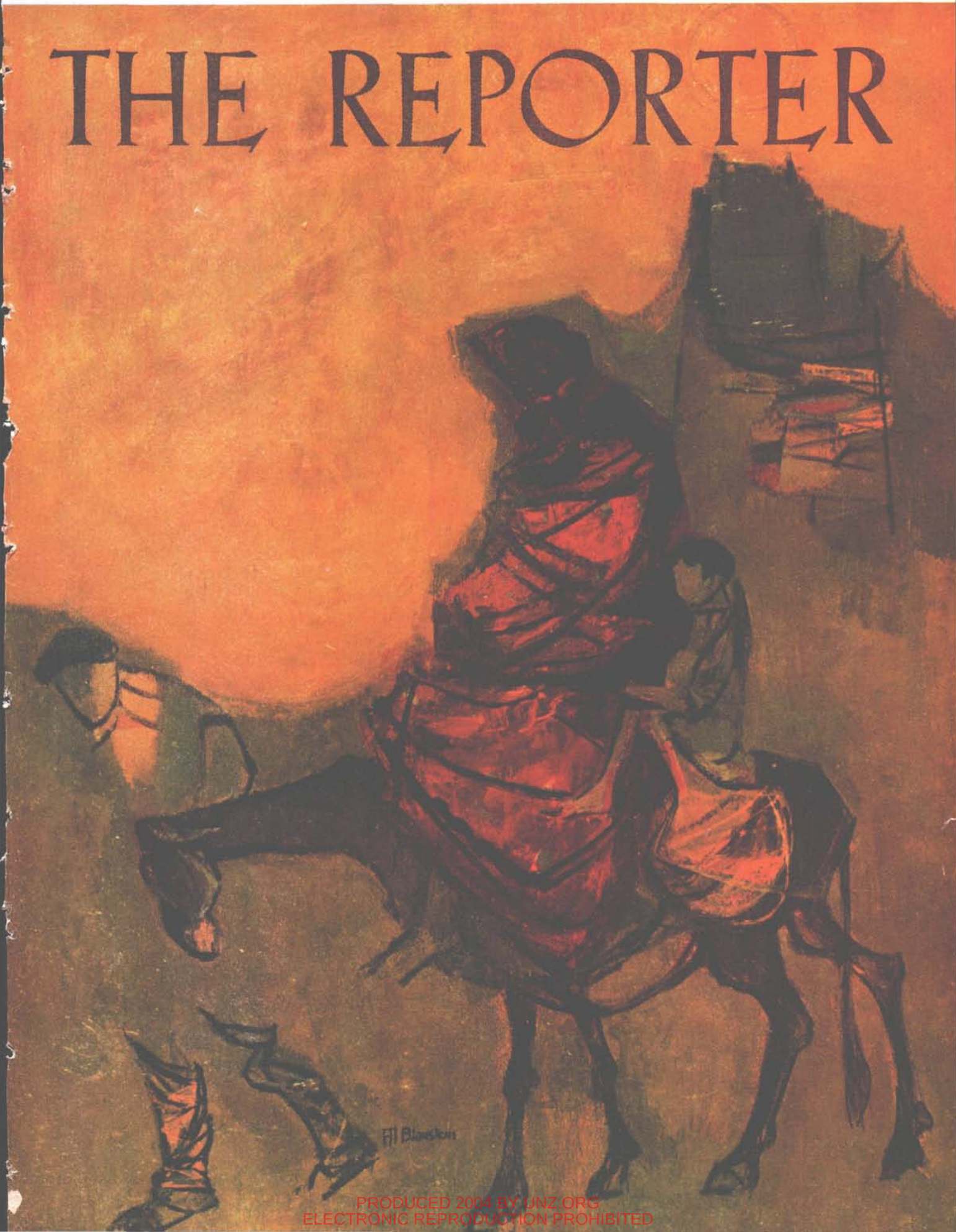
CDC April 3, 1958 25¢

Limits on the Arms Race

TUNISIA: THE PRESSURES ON HABIB BOURGUIBA

THE REPORTER



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Good Luck, Mr. H.

Dag Hammarskjöld has already proved that he can shoulder impossible tasks and survive. But it is difficult to pass judgment on achievements that literally have no precedents. Did it ever happen, for instance, that an international civil servant—and a foreigner—was put in charge of American foreign policy? At the time of the Suez crisis, an administration that had assiduously cultivated the art of buck passing gently passed the buck to Dag Hammarskjöld.

This extraordinary resilience Hammarskjöld shares with the U.N., and the U.N. owes much of its resilience to Hammarskjöld. It is amazing how the U.N. has managed to survive contempt from some quarters and pietistic hypocrisy from some others.

LATELY our government has been using the U.N. as its favorite alibi for turning down a number of suggestions for negotiations with Soviet Russia. Everything that is needed to have peace is in the Charter, our leaders have said over and over again. It must be added here that our leaders have a point, for nearly everything *is* in the Charter, though blissfully unenforced. Then there are those ever-repeated clichés about the U.N.—which is, of course, a forum, man's best hope for peace, while the General Assembly is the Town Meeting of the world.

Hammarskjöld has said it over and over again, ever since he took office: the U.N. is *not* a world government. In our opinion, it will never become one. The world desperately needs a supranational structure, but we don't see any reason why the structure should be built according to that pattern of government, federal or otherwise, which is proving to be less and less workable in so many parts of the world.

Nobody can yet foresee the pattern of supranational organization that will emerge. What is really important is to be aware of its compelling need, and on any given occasion to meet it, humbly and persistently. This Hammarskjöld is doing, without making pronouncements or giving sermons. Only a real intellectual with a good knowledge of law can refrain, when the time for action comes, from intemperate theorizing and law drafting.

THERE IS NOT much in common among the major achievements that can be credited to the U.N. The Korean War was fought under the U.N. banner by an army considerably different from the one now stationed in the Sinai Peninsula. The day is coming fast when this still so frail organization in the making will concern itself with weapons of total destruction and vehicles of outer space. With the co-operation and, to a certain extent, under the control of the rest of mankind, the two superpowers must learn to work together. The whole thing, so appallingly new, is going to be given that by now old name: U.N.

This is the right time for Dag Hammarskjöld to travel to Moscow, to London, and then back to the East River. Once again he has been entrusted with an unprecedented, crushing task.

The Bother-in-Law

The recent and reluctant prominence of Colonel George Gordon Moore, the President's wife's sister's husband, reveals that the American language lacks a precise word to describe such a relationship. According to *Webster's New International,* "brother-in-law" is not quite right; it means "the brother of one's husband or wife; also, the husband of one's sister; sometimes, inaccurately, the husband of one's wife's (or husband's) sister." We must certainly avoid inaccuracy in such a delicate matter.

They aren't so strict in England, where the *Shorter Oxford* uses the shorter adverb "Occas." instead of "inaccurately." They are even more relaxed in France, where *"beau-frère"* serves a variety of functions. The same goes in Italy, where the word is *"cognato,"* while in the ancestral Eisenhower tongue, *"Schwägerschaft"* is a catchall term that covers just about any "relations by marriage."

Anyway, we are glad to notice that the press has been quite scrupulous in defining the connection between Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower and that relative of theirs, Colonel George Gordon Moore. We are not accustomed to seeing such evidence of Webster-mindedness in our periodicals.

Early Form in New York

A New York senatorial campaign is not normally one of nature's prettiest sights, and this year's is already proving to be no exception. There is the usual weighing of candidates' ethnic antecedents, the pulling and hauling between the Democratic and Liberal Parties that has given the Republicans easy victories in the past, and the private considerations of national statesmen who do not for a moment lose sight of the largest single package of electoral votes.

Among professional Democratic politicians, word has gone out that this is a year for an Irish Catholic, since it is feared that voters of this category have been leaving the party in large numbers. The O'Connell machine in Albany is taking soundings on Congressman Leo O'Brien, an ex-newspaperman, and the Buckley organization in the Bronx is urging the choice of Surrogate Chris-

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topher C. McGrath, who served rather inconspicuously in Congress but is being promoted as a friend of labor.

The Liberal Party, which leans toward independent men of distinction, has successively proposed former Air Secretary Thomas K. Finletter, Ralph Bunche, District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, and Edward R. Murrow. Of these, only Bunche declined the honor, but the reaction of the party regulars to Murrow was clear and unflattering. A typical response was, "You don't think that any of the old pros is going to step aside for him, do you?" And the chances are that the leaders of the Liberal Party expected no such thing.

What they were doing was simply to serve notice on their on-again-off-again allies that either they would have to be given some voice in a joint nomination or else they would go their own way, perhaps even supporting Republican Senator Ives for re-election.

The possibility that Ives may not even run, however, has started a rumor about an alleged Republican maneuver, the authorship of which is credited to Vice-President Nixon. The reported plan calls for Nelson Rockefeller to run for Ives's Senate seat instead of contesting the governorship with Harriman. That task would be left to Senator Javits, who, on the record, would have a far better chance than a newcomer to politics.

Javits would have nothing to lose but a little energy, since if he were defeated, he would still have his Senate post. If he won, he would not take office in Albany until next January and could then appoint his own successor in the Senate. If Rockefeller were carried in on the Javits tide, the Republicans would then have two senators and a governor in a state that could be strategic for Nixon in 1960, especially if he were to need it to offset a Democratic victory in his native state of California.

FAMILIAR as the next commentator with what happens to the best-laid plans of mice and men of any party, we know that little of all this maneuvering may come to anything, but the wily strategies that are concocted by politicians or attributed to them are surely as diverting as those of any other sport.

They Liked Mike

A couple of weeks ago a group of delegates from Akron, Ohio, journeyed to Washington to attend the sixth annual Republican Women's National Conference at the Hotel Statler. There, earnest speakers exhorted them to save "the free-enterprise system" from "powerful, ambitious, left-wing labor-leaders." Charles S. Thomas, the finance chairman of the National Committee, declared: "There's no question but that this country is in the process of being taken over [by them]." Walter Reuther was described as "the biggest menace this country ever had."

The next day the Akron delegation trooped a little apprehensively from their buses into the usually forbidding Soviet embassy on Sixteenth Street. The ladies, it seemed, had asked their congressman, Representative William H. Ayres of Akron, to arrange embassy visits for them. Ayres got in touch with the chancelleries of the NATO countries, but apparently nothing could be set up at such short notice. He then telephoned the Soviet embassy, and in no time at all, Ambassador Menshikov appeared in person at his office to announce that he would be delighted to entertain the delegation, all 109 of them.

After two hours in the embassy, during which the ladies enjoyed an abundance of cakes and petits fours, a color film called *A Typical Day in Moscow*, and a variety of French liqueurs, they left all aglow. Typical comments, according to Washington society reporters: "I'm in love with Mike. . . . I think he's sincere and really trying for peace. . . . He's a doll." As for Mrs. Menshikov: "Why, she's just as gracious as Jean Hungerford back home."

Ayres, who had accompanied the ladies to the embassy, gently lectured them in a dinner speech that evening: "Keep in mind," he said, "it's deeds that count, not smiles. . . . They did a good job on you. . . . You came away thinking 'The Russians aren't too bad.' Remember, they are trying to sell an idea. . . . The thing we are lacking most in America is that we are not as smart in the field of propaganda as the Russians are."

THE WHOLE incident was admirably summed up that same evening by Eric Sevareid, who provided important background information:

"During the war, American diplomats had to negotiate over UNRRA funds with a Russian named Mikhail Menshikov. They described him as follows: 'Very tough, shrewd, sullen; trust to nothing.'

"A shorter time ago, a Russian Ambassador named Mikhail Menshikov appeared in Ceylon to negotiate in a multi-nation economic arrangement. Reports sent back to the State Department described the man as follows: 'Dour, heavy-handed, suspicious; avoids the social life; kept his delegation working in a locked hotel suite all week; when the chambermaids got in the place was a mess.'"

Maybe Mike Menshikov has taken one of Dale Carnegie's correspondence courses.

PESTILENCE

"The hardiness of insects to . . . resist radioactivity . . . makes them the only likely potential world 'citizens' should human and animal life be extinguished."—New York *Post.*

Behold the black society,
  The commune of the ants,
Parading in sobriety
  Their conquering advance.

See how the crawling soviet
  Consolidates its gains,
With colonies correctly set
  Upon the blasted plains,

And everywhere the citizens
  Identically led
By their unswerving regimens
  To build upon the dead.

And where the ants are not in force,
  The beetles hold their ranks,
Pursuing their devouring course
  In glittering phalanx.

And in this buzzing multitude,
  The praying mantis' prayer
Of victory and gratitude
  Consumes the poisoned air.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE DANGERS OF SECRECY

To the Editor: Your editorial "The Limits on Depression and War" in the March 6 issue of *The Reporter* points up with great clarity the dangers of all-out war and all-out depression for both the Soviet Union and for us, and the important differences between our systems.

It is indeed true, as you say, that as a substitute for the secrecy of the Soviet Union "we have the confusion of too much publicity in all phases of our national life." And yet that very confusion often seems to be a prerequisite to clarification, as witness the recent conflicting reports of the AEC about the distance at which an atomic-bomb explosion can be detected.

Publicity attendant on any function of government can only be said to be "too much" when it performs no service to the public. When the members of a democratic government have cause to resort to unwarranted secrecy or to handing out misleading information, then the great democratic strength of informed public debate becomes a great travesty.

R. H. PRINCE
Reading, Pennsylvania

YANKEE TRADERS

To the Editor: I read with particular interest the article "New Opportunities for Yankee Traders" by Ken Miller in the March 20 *Reporter*.

Needless to say, I think your magazine is an excellent one, and my associates and I enjoy reading each issue.

ARTHUR K. WATSON, President
IBM World Trade Organization
New York

THE CASE OF DR. SCHWARTZ

To the Editor: I was most interested in the article "Dr. Schwartz Goes to Washington" (by William S. Fairfield) appearing in the March 20 *Reporter*.

I had the occasion to follow the actions of the Legislative Oversight subcommittee quite closely and had the pleasure and privilege of knowing Dr. Schwartz during his time here on the Hill.

Dr. Schwartz is a man of great personal courage and integrity of the highest order. While he made mistakes here in Washington, as we all do, his mistakes were not the kind which flow from the heart or from the lack of a sincere desire to do the right thing. I am sure that he made a most valuable contribution to the work of the subcommittee, and it is my expectation that history will judge his efforts here as a very important contribution to good government.

JOHN D. DINGELL
House of Representatives

To the Editor: I have never met Mr. Fairfield and was not accorded the opportunity of discussing and informing him of the facts concerning the subject of his article; hence his gross inaccuracies and uncomplimentary statements concerning my services as Chairman [of the House subcommittee on Legislative Oversight] as so clearly and pointedly exemplified by his selecting and derisively criticizing me for my humble physical appearance, "a big watery-eyed man with sunken cheeks," and as a "second difficulty" for Dr. Schwartz.

No other member of the Committee was more loyal to Dr. Schwartz and our mutual agreement to the objectives of the Committee than I. And I was discouraged and frustrated by a lack of usual authority granted a subcommittee chairman and the rule of the controlling tactics of the coalition majority of the Committee equally as much as Dr. Schwartz. With slight and unimportant exception, I supported and co-operated with his every request. I stood beside him all the way and at all times, especially when he was under fire, even though I realized my stand was futile (but right); and to emphasize that stand and to focus attention to the injustice done to Dr. Schwartz and a thorough investigation, I assumed a political risk and sacrifice by resigning as chairman of the subcommittee.

MORGAN M. MOULDER
House of Representatives

Mr. Fairfield replies:

In the furore that surrounded Dr. Schwartz's dismissal, it is understandable that Mr. Moulder should have forgotten one of the many reporters he met. Actually, I spoke with him three times, twice in person and once over the telephone. I also had ample opportunity to observe him while covering the hearings over which he presided.

I do not believe that the article anywhere implies that Mr. Moulder was disloyal to Dr. Schwartz. Rather, I referred to his lack of experience as a committee chairman. He admits in his letter that he was "discouraged and frustrated" and elsewhere he has used the term "harassed."

A GREAT GREEN PATH

To the Editor: I think that Governor Harriman's "A Great Green Path Across America" in the March 6 *Reporter* is an excellent statement.

I long have admired Governor Harriman's leadership in the field of conservation, and he has demonstrated this again by supporting our bill to control and limit signboards on the new 41,000-mile interstate highway system.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
United States Senate

To the Editor: If Governor Harriman wishes to have "A Great Green Path Across America," let him have it anywhere else but along our superhighways. Beauty is a thing not only of the eye but also of the mind; and if Governor Harriman's opinion is that billboards detract, it is my opinion that they beautify by being symbols of wealth in a wealthy nation. I am as proud of our industrial achievement as I am of our natural resources which made this industrial age possible. I feel strongly that these modern coats of arms should be placed adjacent to our highways so that two of the greater achievements of mankind, that of transportation and communication, may better complement one another.

DENNIS L. HUTCHINSON
Los Gatos, California

To the Editor: The article by Governor Averell Harriman is a very fine statement of the case for billboard regulation, particularly along our new superhighways. It was most timely, as it appeared shortly before the Senate Subcommittee on Roads, headed by Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, held hearings on this subject.

Meanwhile, the fact that this legislation was pending in Congress was instrumental in getting a billboard regulatory measure through at least one—the Maryland—state legislature.

HARRY I. KIRK, President
American Automobile Association
Washington, D.C.

CUT-RATE EDUCATION

To the Editor: Your editorial "Our Cut-Rate Education" in *The Reporter* of February 20 hits home on some of the fundamental handicaps of our educational system. It is necessary, however, to supplement your discussion of the point made by the Carnegie Foundation "that the teaching profession is slowly withering away."

The layman is apt to see this situation solely from the point of view of teachers' salaries. True, the lagging real income of teachers is a significant fact. But there are other factors that are equally, if not more, important.

First: So many nonteaching duties have been added to the job that the average teacher is hardly a teacher. It has been reliably estimated that from a fourth to a half of a teacher's working time is spent on tasks other than teaching. These include lunch, lavatory, and hall patrols; an endless variety of clerical tasks; collection of bank money, charity donations, and dance-ticket sales; and on and on. As often as not, before a teacher gets down to his supposedly real job of teaching, he has been exhausted, enervated, and frustrated by these peripheral tasks. Under such conditions real teaching is indeed withering away.

Second: Personnel relations in the schools are almost universally in the feudal stage. From boards of education and superintendents down through the various layers of supervisors, the authoritarian system breeds fear, bitterness, and in general a low state of morale. That is conducive neither to personal satisfaction nor to good teaching.

Those of us who are organized into the labor movement, through the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), are working hard to transform teaching into a vital profession, where the work of teachers will again be that of teaching and where the dignity of the teacher will be respected as is that of his fellow workers in modern industry.

CHARLES COGEN, President
New York Teachers Guild, AFL-CIO

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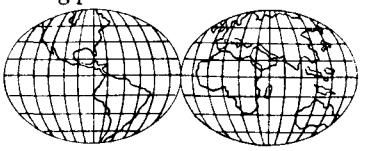
When

the nations of the world decide that the present "balance of terror" policy can no longer be tolerated what steps can they take to ensure lasting peace?



WORLD PEACE THROUGH WORLD LAW

By Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn

This is not a tract of Utopian thinking, but a clear, practical and highly detailed plan designed to revise the present United Nations Charter and make the United Nations a fully effective guardian of world peace.

The authors see complete national disarmament as an indispensable step, and develop a workable, flexible ten year plan with all the necessary safeguards. Then, working within the framework of the present Charter, they describe the other far-reaching changes which must be made in order to ensure peace.

If you want to believe that survival is possible . . . if you have ever wondered what *could* be done to keep world peace, you will find WORLD PEACE THROUGH WORLD LAW an absorbing and thought - provoking book.

The authors, both distinguished lawyers, are eminently qualified to write a major work of this type. Their collaboration began in 1945. Prior to completion of this book preliminary drafts were circulated throughout the world for comment and criticism and a number of useful suggestions from many countries are incorporated in this volume.

GRENVILLE CLARK was a consultant to Secretary of War Stimson (1940-44) and has been engaged in the study of the problem of world peace since 1939.

LOUIS B. SOHN was a legal officer in the U.N. Secretariat and since 1951 has been a Professor of Law at Harvard teaching courses in "United Nations Law" and "Problems in the Development of World Order."

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SELDOM, in our opinion, has it been so true that the great men who are supposed to lead the world are themselves being led. At present, the leaders both of the East and of the West are moving—or are being moved—to the summit. The whole process is taking place in that fantastic, irrational style that is characteristic of our times. As **Max Ascoli's** editorial points out, a suspension of atomic tests, under international guarantees, together with disengagement from outer space, is bound to come.

Three articles following the editorial discuss a few of the many forces in various countries that will surely bring this about. Great Britain's attitude is described by our regular London correspondent, **Alastair Buchan.** The British have been known before to embark on peace-mongering binges, but when the moment of decision comes to them they have always shown themselves second to none in bravery and resilience. This time the British are not for any Munich peace-in-our-time solution, but they seem determined to exert all their influence—which is still great—to see that no opportunity for securing peace is neglected.

We are happy to publish excerpts from an address given by **Harrison Brown** in a lecture series sponsored by the University of Minnesota under a special grant provided by the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* in memory of Gideon D. Seymour, who during the last decade of his life served as vice-president and executive editor of the two newspapers. Some parts of this remarkable lecture have already been reported in the press, and this fact has partly guided the selections—all too few—that limitations of space permit us. Dr. Brown is professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology and participated in the Manhattan Project.

The eighteen German scientists who oppose the nuclear rearmament of their country represent a pressure for the suspension of atomic tests that is as powerful as it is significant. These men do not want to have German technology once more used for purposes of destruction. **Robert Jungk,** author of *Tomorrow Is Already Here* (Simon & Schuster), reports from Germany on the stand they have taken.

Regretfully, we are once again obliged to discuss an instance that shows something less than candor on the part of the AEC. Readers will remember our staff writer **Paul Jacobs's** previous article on the AEC, "Clouds from Nevada" (May 16, 1957).

FEW POLITICIANS are in as tough a situation as Habib Bourguiba, the president of Tunisia. A friend of the West, a Frenchman by culture, Bourguiba would be the ideal head of an Arab federation, which in turn could form an essential part of a French commonwealth. Recent events have endangered both Bourguiba and any such project. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, recently traveled to Tunisia, where she had a long conversation with Bourguiba. . . . **Everett G. Martin** is on the staff of the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . **Ruby Turner Norris** is chairman of the Department of Economics at Connecticut College. She did a field investigation of the automobile industry in New London, on the basis of which she was asked to testify before the Kefauver Committee in January of this year.

Eugene Burdick teaches at the University of California in Berkeley. His most recent book is *The Ninth Wave* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Stanley Kauffmann** is consulting editor at Ballantine. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** with Nat Shapiro, is co-author of *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* and *The Jazz Makers* (Rinehart). . . . **Theodore Draper** is the author of *The Roots of American Communism* (Viking). . . . **Gerald Sykes,** who is on the faculty of the New School for Social Research, is the author of *The Children of Light* (Farrar). . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith's** next book, *The Affluent Society,* will be published by Houghton Mifflin in May.

Our cover is by **Al Blaustein.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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A Hard Look at the Department of Defense

FORGING A NEW SWORD

By WILLIAM R. KINTNER
in association with
JOSEPH I. COFFEY
and RAYMOND J. ALBRIGHT

Responsible officers with Pentagon experience speak frankly about what's wrong with our defense system and offer proposals for the kind of reorganization that will lead to greater security.

The authors describe the evolution of the Defense Department; they suggest areas for improvement and point out major shortcomings such as the waste and duplication of effort resulting from interservice rivalry, the lack of coordination between the military services and the civilian command, etc.; and they outline specific measures for developing a stronger and more flexible defense structure.

This program, at once constructive and non-political, confronts frankly the human strains and stresses required to create the defense organization we need. "Nowhere else, so far as I know, is given so clearly and authoritatively the information in regard to the department of defense which the citizen needs in order to make up his mind on important matters of policy."—AUGUST HECKSCHER

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Limits on the Arms Race

THESE ARE TIMES that try men's minds. There is a quality of lunacy in all this talk about a summit conference, in this exchange of packaged items of discussion in which one unnegotiable proposal after another is tied in so that the suspicion becomes legitimate that each side is trying to pass to the other the responsibility for preventing the meeting. Yet it is universally agreed that a meeting at the summit is inevitable and that the leaders of our country cannot possibly reject the opportunity, and the discomfort, of attending it. Knowledgeable reporters go so far as to predict that it will take place some time during the summer or the early fall. Until recently it was thought that the meeting would take place over here, where the convention business has been thriving for years and where there is no scarcity of outsized, plushy hotels. Now our leaders have decided that the summit had better be located abroad.

Or maybe what is called the meeting at the summit is taking place right now in a style that fits our era of outer-space globe girdling. These missives shot up in the air in the name of Bulganin, or Eisenhower, or Macmillan are designed only to go round and round, and to have their courses tracked everywhere. Yet, the pressure is mounting from all sides for real negotiations and for a reduction of armaments.

SOME VOICES of sanity have been heard recently, most striking among them, as often before, that of Chancellor Adenauer. Adenauer has suggested that in the settlement of East-West relations, the unification of Germany be considered only after a measure of agreement is reached on the reduction of armaments. As long as the means of destruction the two superpowers can use against each other keep growing at such an appalling pace, any cause of conflict between them is bound to be utterly disproportionate. Indeed, the greater the destructiveness of the means of warfare, the less they are fitted to be instruments of national policy. Adenauer wants the unity of Germany above all things—but of a live Germany. Later he seems to have qualified his reduction-in-armaments-first position under the pressure of the German superpatriots, or of the German unifiers in our State Department.

Voices for sanity have been heard in our country, too. Harold Stassen, for instance, before being "resigned" from his position that once was called Secretary for Peace, made it clear that, in his opinion, a two-year trial halt in nuclear weapons tests could be the object of successful negotiation with the Soviet Union. Senator Hubert Humphrey put this quite bluntly: "It has never been clear to me . . . why the United States insists a test suspension with inspection safeguards should not be proposed as a separate measure." The reasons could not be more obvious: If we are going to the summit—and we cannot help it—we had better prepare a short list of negotiable high-priority issues that we must solemnly and formally proclaim right now to the whole world. We can well leave to the Russians the bargaining technique familiar to the Armenian rug dealers. We have no need to mix the outlandish with the attainable.

It should be clear to every sane person that negotiations for the reduction of armaments are the supreme priority for two formidable reasons. The first is that the power we as well as the Russians are incessantly multiplying is, by its very nature, less and less usable. At the same time, we and our major allies are actually reducing conventional armaments, and are concentrating on those of our weapons which are least usable. Which kind of reduction of armaments do we like better—unilateral, each allied nation by itself, or negotiated by the whole alliance with the Russians?

That Darling Baby Bomb

This is why halting the bomb tests is the heart of the matter. Those who are in favor of the infinite multiplication of atomic weapons to be delivered by planes or missiles cannot bear the thought of halting or suspending nuclear tests. Recently the AEC has produced the most peculiar argument, in this most peculiar era, in favor of these tests—or perhaps one should say, has pulled the most oversized rabbit out of its hat.

The AEC has opened up to us, and to itself, new vistas

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on what nuclear weapons can do for mankind when they explode underground. An AEC press release of March 6 brought forth the good tidings. The explosion had been registered only two hundred and fifty miles away—and this could have been a powerful argument to prove how discreet underground nuclear blasts can be. Later, the Commission found itself obliged to acknowledge that the explosion had been registered in Alaska, among other places, quite a little bit beyond the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile limit. The original press release also stated that "Some spectators saw a ripple on the side of the mesa as the shockwave moved upward. A few felt a slight movement in the earth under their feet, but most felt nothing."

By a strange coincidence, it happened that on the same day, March 6, AEC Commissioner Willard F. Libby testified before Senator Humphrey's subcommittee and gave a most vivid account of the underground explosion. About the actual blast, he said: "The only thing that we saw, the mountain jumped about six inches, we saw that, but our Geiger counters showed no effects and we were worried that there might be some fissures develop so that the radioactivity might get out." Whoever measured the six-inch jump for the AEC must have felt quite a ripple.

Commissioner Libby was almost lyrical in talking about that little tiny baby bomb, although he could not match the boundless enthusiasm of the New York *Times* correspondent who described in great detail the peaceful opportunities offered by the explosion which, he wrote, "was not felt even locally." And he went on: "There was speculation that the intense heat and pressure of the experimental blast might simulate nature in fusing minerals into gems."

For his part, Commissioner Libby said that the experiment proves "you can fire bombs in a way where the radioactivity does not come out"—quite a generalization to be derived from what was, presumably, a single experiment. "Second," he proceeded, "you can crush an enormous quantity of rock. This little, tiny bomb, 1.7 kilotons—I don't know that you should ever call any bomb tiny, but I mean on a relative scale this little fellow—broke 400,000 tons of rock, crushed it up."

On November 10, 1949, after the explosion of the first Russian atomic bomb, Vishinsky said at the U.N., "Right now we are utilizing atomic energy for our economic needs in our own economic interests. We are razing mountains; we are irrigating deserts; we are cutting through the jungle and the tundra; we are spreading life, happiness, prosperity and welfare in places where the human footstep has not been seen for thousands of years." There is nothing in common between the late unregretted Vishinsky and that earnest, competent scholar, Commissioner Libby, but somehow, of all the atomic blasts, we like least those made in the name of life, happiness, and earth removal.

Speaking for himself, Commissioner Libby said later that he was in favor of continuing tests—obviously both under and above ground—but would not dislike international agreements designed to apportion among the various nations the amount of radioactive material they are allowed to place into the atmosphere.

In respectful dissent from Commissioner Libby, we think that this amount should be zero, at least for the next few years. Too many liberties have been taken already with the atmosphere, affecting life for faraway peoples and for generations to come, and we do not find any endearing quality in these little fellows, the baby bombs.

When a meeting at the summit takes place in earnest, the first order of business for our government must be to propose the suspension of nuclear tests along with adequate controls. The atmosphere does not belong to any nation nor does outer space. Therefore the nations that have started the penetration of outer space should join forces in policing it under the jurisdiction of the U.N. It was President Eisenhower who, in a letter to Bulganin, first suggested disengagement from outer space: "I propose that we agree that outer space should be used only for peaceful purposes. We face a decisive moment in history in relation to this matter. Both the Soviet Union and the United States are now using outer space for the testing of missiles designed for military purposes. The time to stop is now."

Later the President's proposal, which had been widely approved by a number of Senate leaders, was taken over by Bulganin, who, in the prevailing style, tied it up with unnegotiable demands.

THIS INANE BUSINESS is bound to come to an end. There must be disengagement from outer space and atomic tests must be suspended. When this happens many people will be unhappy, and most of all Dr. Teller. No atomic scientist we know of has ever gone so far in lending to his political opinions the prestige he has legitimately gained in the laboratory. Our country needs scientists like Teller, just as it is imperative that Teller's opinions be answered by men like Harrison Brown. But let's not do to Teller what Teller and his friends did to Oppenheimer.

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Britain Debates The 'Balance of Terror'

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

Is Britain going neutralist? This seems to be the question to which every editor from Colorado to Calcutta has been asking his London correspondent to provide the answer in recent weeks. One need not agree with Joseph Alsop, who has warned in his best Cassandra style that Britain now "stinks of defeat," to acknowledge that something very remarkable is happening to British public opinion. For the first time in many years, there have been signs of a genuine popular revolt against the leadership of both the main political parties simultaneously. And it takes the form of a bitter and impassioned protest, not just against the Macmillan government's alleged subservience to Washington in accepting American missile bases but also against the whole concept of a "balance of terror," of mutual nuclear deterrence, which Russia, just as much as the United States and Britain, depends upon to keep the peace.

There is a general belief that the English, in the words of the Duke of Wellington, are "a quiet people." On the whole they follow their established leaders. The Left has its constant buzzing of intellectual gadflies, the Right its Suez rebels; but their disputes and discontents have rarely in recent years reached outside Westminster itself. It is true that during the past year there has been a growing amount of serious and informed criticism of the Macmillan government's emphasis on the nuclear deterrent and Britain's own nuclear program. It is true that there has been, especially since Sputnik and the statements emanating from the Johnson subcommittee, a growing distrust of the orthodox American line that the West can negotiate only from strength. But even a few weeks ago there was no reason to suppose that these currents of opinion could not be ridden out by the leaders of the Conservative and Labour Parties, who have been drawing closer together on general questions of defense and strategy.

Consequently, when the *New Statesman* devoted two pages last November to a fiery article by playwright J. B. Priestley condemning the whole concept of the nuclear balance of power and Britain's participation in it, no one took very much notice. To Priestley's voice were added those of many left-wing intellectuals, including Bertrand Russell, whose open letter to Khrushchev and Dulles, denouncing the insanity of the course on which they both had set their countries' foreign and military policy, evoked replies from both.

Revolt in Rochdale

Still the political pundits took little notice, though the rising resentment against the American missile bases revealed by the opinion polls should have provided a warning. The official leadership of the Labour Party, many of whose "shadow cabinet" are if anything to the right of the Conservatives on the question of nuclear deterrence, shrugged off these protests as the antics of muddled eggheads. The Conservatives, more concerned with economic problems, paid no attention at all.

And then, in February, opinion suddenly blew up in their faces. At the Rochdale by-election on February 12, the Labour candidate who made vague anti-bomb noises and the Liberal who committed himself to Britain's renunciation of the bomb polled four-fifths of the votes between them, driving the Conservative from the top to the bottom of the poll. The following day the government's annual White Paper on defense was published, reiterating not only the importance of the British nuclear weapon program but also the doctrine of massive retaliation in its most extreme form. It got a bad press from almost every paper, including even the *Times*.

A few days later, a new body, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, under the presidency of Bertrand Russell and with an impressive list of sponsors including the Moderator of the Church of Scotland and the head of the Methodist Church, held a packed meeting at the Albert Hall, with overflows in every available hall in London. It now claims well over 20,000 enrolled supporters, with branches in all the big provincial cities and university towns. It demands that "to underline the sincerity of her own initiative, Britain should be prepared to announce that, pending further negotiations," it will suspend patrols of aircraft equipped with nuclear weapons, make no further H-bomb tests, not go ahead with the establishment of missile bases on its territory, and not provide nuclear weapons for any other country. It urges its members to lobby their M.P.s and bombard their leaders with letters, both of which they have done enthusiastically.

'Naked in the Council Chambers'

Almost every day has added fuel to what is now a "great debate" in the true American sense of the term. On February 26, the *Daily Herald*, which normally supports the official Labour line unquestioningly, published an

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editorial in display type demanding the Campaign measures. "We should have the tacit support," it read, "of a growing number of Americans who want to turn back from the Dulles Dead End. . . . We will get peace by general disarmament. And we alone can give a decisive lead. Even if it means that the British Foreign Minister is naked in the council chambers of the world." (This was the phrase used by Aneurin Bevan to justify his belief in the necessity for the British H-bomb at the Labour Party Conference last fall.) "He will at least be as well dressed as the British people if war ever comes. . . . It is an illusion to believe that our bombs can clothe us in the garments of either safety or prestige. They can merely bankrupt us." This was as significant in its way as *Time's* recent criticism of President Eisenhower.

The following day, sixty-nine Labour M.P.s, most but not all of them members of the Labour left wing who feel themselves betrayed by Bevan, wrote their support of the editorial. The anger of their party leader, Hugh Gaitskell, and the silence of Bevan himself have only muted, not demolished, this new "Victory for Socialism" movement.

Sir Stephen King Hall, a publicist whose views have been held in the same kind of regard as those of Elmer Davis or Eric Sevareid in the United States, published on March 10 a much-heralded book entitled *Defence in the Nuclear Age*. In it he argues that Britain, utterly defenseless in the missile age, must show the way toward a saner world by unilaterally renouncing nuclear weapons, reducing its conventional forces to the level needed for internal security, and concentrating on political and economic defenses which alone can have any meaning when war has become an impossibility.

Finally, to lend realism to the whole debate, there came word, on the morning after a huge British television public had watched a powerful Priestley play on the horrors of nuclear war, of the A-bomb accident in South Carolina. This was a grave embarrassment to the British government, which has been under heavy fire ever since it became known last fall that American bombers were flying from British bases with hydrogen and atomic bombs on board. In a by-election the following day in the Kelvingrove District of Glasgow, the Conservative candidate's share of the vote dropped from fifty-five to forty-one per cent. The British press as a whole took the Florence accident fairly calmly, giving prominence to technical explanations of why such accidents are unlikely to cause wide-

spread radiation. But the accident has further strengthened the hand of the Campaigners.

What does all this add up to? Is it neutralism? Is it pacifism? Or is it —if neutralism be defined as, say, Nehru would define it—some new form of activism, of a passion for a positive British policy, a desire to escape from the role of becoming Orwell's "Airstrip One," of being merely an impotent watcher of the skies while the ICBMs flash past in either direction overhead?

Second Thoughts on the Left

One has to distinguish three separate levels of discontent and uneasiness in the present state of affairs.

In the first place, there is a strong feeling among the rank and file of Labour's supporters, who now, if the opinion polls are correct, easily outnumber Conservative supporters, that their leaders have sold them out on the question of nuclear weapons. It is true that Bevan received an overwhelming vote at the party conference last fall when he refused to reject Britain's H-bomb, but there have been many second thoughts since then. Most Labour M.P.s and party workers acknowledge privately that their party cannot offer a glamorous domestic policy at the next general election, which now cannot be more than eighteen months away. There is all the more need, they argue, for a bold and imaginative foreign policy that will break the nuclear deadlock by promoting disengagement in Europe and preventing the establishment of missile bases. Gaitskell's cautious insistence on doing nothing that would disrupt Anglo-American harmony, coupled with Bevan's obvious longing to wield the biggest possible stick when he becomes Foreign Secretary, riles the left wing of the party even more. Gaitskell has for the moment quelled the "Victory for Socialism" movement by using his own massive deterrent, expulsion from the party. But he cannot remove its *raison d'être* without shifting the official policy of the party.

But if the desire to change the basis of British foreign policy exists primarily on the Left, the sense of uneasiness about current developments is much more widespread. The four Thor missile bases that will be set up in eastern England during this year have provoked fears which the American bomber bases did not, though they made England just as important a Soviet target in the event of war. Presumably this was because the bomber bases were built up unobtrusively over seven years. In a Gallup Poll survey published in mid-December, sixty per cent of Labour supporters and fifty-four per cent of Conservative and Liberal supporters answered "No" to the question whether the building of these missile bases should be permitted. It also revealed a similar unanimity in the support for disengagement in Germany.

Furthermore, Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, has chosen this moment to put a considerable strain on public morale by defining the western policy of nuclear retaliation in terms which even the Pentagon no longer accepts, and which Mr. Dulles explicitly rejected in his *Foreign Affairs* article of last October. Sandys has his own good reasons for inserting in the White Paper on de-

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fense the passage "It must be well understood that, if Russia were to launch a major attack on them [the western Allies], even with conventional forces only, they would have to hit back with strategic nuclear weapons." He greatly fears any attempt to graduate nuclear retaliation according to the threat, or any policy that moves away from massive retaliation and therefore increases the strategic value of the conventional forces, on whose rapid cutback his political reputation is staked. But his words added to the sense of alarm, and in a Gallup Poll taken on this statement, voters of all party leanings expressed their disapproval in the proportion of sixty-five to twenty-five.

IN THE SECOND PLACE, many students of military affairs in Britain have been coming to the conclusion that the Sandys policy of concentrating more and more on the British nuclear deterrent at the expense of conventional forces is based on some false assumptions. The British A- and H-bomb program accounts for no more than five per cent of the combined Anglo-American effort. Since the American program has already passed the point where the United States has far more bombs than would be necessary to devastate the Soviet Union several times over, there is no conceivable justification for the separate British program unless it be to involve the United States in war against its will. Some Conservative leaders admit in private that this, in fact, is the principal justification of the British effort. Since Suez and the development of the Soviet ICBM, they have been fearful that the day will come when, say, a Chinese attack on Malaya, a Soviet strike at the Persian Gulf oil fields, or eventually a direct attack on Europe itself will no longer seem to the United States worth resisting at the cost of destroying Chicago and New York. Therefore Britain must have its own means of nuclear retaliation.

But to many people, including a number of senior officers and Conservative members of Parliament, who view with gloom the intense strain that keeping up in the nuclear race imposes on the British defense budget, this seems an absurd argument, for there is now no way in which Britain could involve the United States in the defense of its own interests without invoking the certain destruction of the island itself. As the *Times* commented on February 26: "If we are . . . in fact deterred from using thermo-nuclear weapons because Russia also possesses them, then we ought not to base our defence plans on the pretence that we are not deterred. . . . What we require are relatively small but efficient and mobile forces, capable of dealing with accidental border incidents . . . or deliberate aggression designed not to provoke nuclear retaliation. We shall not get them until we reflect the limitations of the nuclear deterrent both in our strategy and in our spending." In the meantime, the program is costing between 200 and 300 million pounds a year, and these costs are certain to go up when Britain's attempt to keep its own deterrent up to date involves the production of a complete family of missiles. In an economy as hard pressed as the British, there are a great many other uses for 300 million pounds.

MOREOVER, there is the fourth-country problem. Britain has as much to fear as the United States from the day—apparently not very far away—when France has its own A- and H-bombs, which might, if the present frenzied national mood persists, be used in the Algerian war or given to Israel to exert extra pressure on Cairo. The difference is that while the United States, as the great protector of the West, cannot relinquish nuclear weapons except as a part of a watertight disarmament agreement, Britain without any strategic damage to the West could take an important initiative in renouncing its nuclear-weapon industry by negotiating a multilateral convention to restrict the making of bombs to the two superpowers, as the first stage in simplifying the already complex problem of nuclear disarmament.

There is as yet no focal point for those who argue only along these lines. The *Observer* and the Manchester *Guardian* have advocated this course. The *Times* has cast doubt on the value of the British deterrent without yet demanding that it be relinquished, though its correspondence columns have shown a strong feeling in favor of this course. But this opinion, serious and weighty though it is, is clearly a minority one: expert critics of the Sandys policy want to see Britain switch the emphasis of defense expenditure from nuclear to conventional forces, but they fully accept the necessity for the Thor bases. However, the majority of the public (in the proportion of three to one according to the Gallup Poll), though apprehensive of the missile bases, still want Britain to keep its own bomb. The *Daily Mirror,* which has the largest circulation in Britain and usually reflects majority popular sentiment, has also come out in favor of retaining a British H-bomb.

A Degeneration into Stone-walling

Bridging the gulf between left-wing anger and expert doubts, there is a third element, which is none the less important for being very hard to pinpoint. It comprises all those who feel, clearly or confusedly, that Britain has taken the wrong path as a world power in the age of nuclear stalemate, where the policy of containment has degenerated into stone-walling. Many people, professional pacifists, churchmen, young idealists, university teachers, and some hard-headed individuals, feel that both Conservative and Labour leaders have tried unsuccessfully to keep Britain great by entering the nation as a contestant in the nuclear arms race. They feel that this is the time for Britain to assert its greatness in a different sphere—to assume a moral leadership that will be the more respected since it has lost its material pre-eminence. George Kennan's lectures last fall and winter have been one potent factor in crystallizing this opinion. The steady loss of faith in American leadership has been another. The Soviet blandishments have had little or nothing to do with it.

A passage near the end of King Hall's book cannot fail to have great appeal to intelligent English middle-class opinion. "I find myself so increasingly driven to the conclusion that destiny has placed an enormous responsibility on the British people at this time. It is hopeless to expect the U.S.A. or the

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Soviet Union to take a unilateral decision which will break the tension and deadlock between these two giants. For the moment only one other state, Great Britain, has the capacity to produce and stock-pile nuclear weapons. It may be a brief moment. Great Britain is still in every respect, save that of military strength, a Great Power and in terms of world prestige possibly still the greatest of all the Powers. Whatever one may assess the risks to be, there can be no question that a unilateral decision by Great Britain to abandon the use of nuclear energy for military purposes would make a tremendous impact on the world situation and be recognized by our friends, our enemies and the uncommitted nations as an historic decision of extraordinary importance."

One can, of course, tear this thesis to shreds. Britain's opting out of the nuclear-arms race would not have a profound effect on the Soviet-American arms race, or on Soviet suspicion and enmity toward the West. In addition, though Britain's moral standing may be high, there is no certainty that it has the necessary influence—in a Europe it has neglected, in a Middle East with many of whose countries it is at loggerheads, or in an Asia where it was an imperialist power only a decade ago—to change the course of world history.

Nevertheless, now that the British public is thoroughly aroused to the real implications of nuclear warfare (much later than American opinion), it will take some gainsaying.

I WAS a student at Oxford during the days of the Peace Ballot in the 1930's. Attending a meeting recently of the Oxford branch of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, I found the difference in atmosphere very striking. There were none of the pious overtones of the pacifist movements of the interwar years, little or no faith in the good intentions of the Russian people as opposed to their leaders that so bedeviled the attitude toward Germany, no blind faith in the United Nations as there was in the League of Nations, much less connection with political radicalism than in the 1930's. Instead, there was a grim determination to find a solution to the nuclear stalemate. The students did not talk of ideals but expertly of ICBMs, the Polaris missile, critical masses, and radiation density. Their solutions might be muddled, but the realism on which their hopes and fears were based could not be doubted.

Muddle and the Man in Charge

At the moment these three forms of protest—the political, the military, and the emotional—are hopelessly muddled up with each other. It is of course very much in the interests of the third group, as represented by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, to keep them muddled, and to convey the impression that the serious military critics of the Sandys policy stand side by side with them in advocating the total abandonment of the nuclear deterrent. The referendums now being held in the major universities are expertly worded in order to cloud the issue as much as possible. But as in all great debates, the real issues are slowly being clarified.

What lasting effect is likely to remain when the first wave of feeling has spent itself? The left-wing revolt within the Labour Party must ultimately collapse, provided Gaitskell and the leadership can play off the solid, unimaginative phalanx of trade-union members against their more volatile brethren. Should Gaitskell fail, there is always the possibility that the left wing would split off and that Bevan would resume its leadership.

Those who seriously criticize the imbalance of the Sandys defense policy and the futility of the British nuclear program will probably make little headway against Sandys's own rocklike obduracy as long as he remains Minister of Defence, even though his own cabinet colleagues are becoming increasingly dubious. The third element of pacifists, idealists, or just despairing people, numerous though they undoubtedly are, lack any real point of focus or effective leadership. There will be demonstrations in Trafalgar Square, protest marches and demonstrations against the American missiles when they arrive, but nobody believes that the demonstrators can by themselves generate enough heat to have a serious effect on policy.

IN ALL THIS HUBBUB, there is one man who has raised his voice only a decibel, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan himself. No one has a better ear for the deeper undertones of public opinion. He has had to weather one spectacular crisis within his own party, when Peter Thorneycroft resigned as Chancellor of the Exchequer last January because of the strains the British nuclear-weapons program imposed on the economy. He has just completed a long tour of Asia and Australasia, where he has been profoundly impressed by the strength of Asian opinion about the nuclear-arms race. He has been equally impressed by the regard in which Britain is held as the center of the Commonwealth rather than the junior partner in the Anglo-American alliance. He is a man who has a passionate sense of Britain's greatness and its continuing mission in the world. And he has an election to fight soon with the cards now stacked against him.

At the moment he is determined to resist the anti-bomb clamor, lest it have the same effect on Khrushchev that the pacificist movement of the 1930's had on Hitler. But he is known to be studying the disarmament question with a fervor that no previous Prime Minister has brought to it. Hitherto he has tended to equate Britain's influence, in Washington and elsewhere, with the possession of its own nuclear weapons. If he should become convinced that Britain's influence can be more effectively deployed in the opposite direction, he has few fetters of doctrine or prejudice to deter him.

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A Scientist's Proposal For Limiting Atomic Tests

HARRISON BROWN

(Excerpts from the Gideon Seymour Memorial Lecture, delivered at the University of Minnesota.)

A BILLION or so years were required for our earth and sun to be formed from primordial matter. Another billion or so years elapsed before the first primitive life forms emerged in the early oceans. Additional billions of years passed before life evolved to the point where it could survive on land. Hundreds of millions of years were required before life on land evolved to the point where a creature could emerge which was endowed with the power of conceptual thought, which could use tools and which could control its environment. It took this creature, man, hundreds of thousands of years to reach the point where he could create a civilization. Additional thousands of years passed before he attained the power not only of controlling his destiny but of understanding the universe in which he lives. Today, in but an instant in time, he is called upon either to exert that power or forever lose it.

I DO NOT WISH to imply that if we survive the next decade our problems will be solved. Indeed, for as long as our civilization lasts we are going to be faced with critical problems involving its perpetuation. But I do wish to make clear the fact that we are called upon today to make decisions that will have vastly greater effect upon mankind's destiny than any decisions that have thus far been made in the course of human existence. No decisions that Alexander or Caesar or even Hitler could possibly have made could have determined whether mankind as a whole would live or die. They could make decisions which could determine the destinies of their own civilization and cultures. Their decisions could result in a speeding up or a slowing down of progress. But no decision within their power could have excluded the later emergence of new civilizations. No decisions on their part could have resulted in the destruction of the greater part of humanity.

By contrast, the decisions we make today, if they are wrong, can result in exactly that. Can we as a nation and as a people devise the means of forestalling the unprecedented dangers that confront us? This is the overwhelming question of our age.

THE MOST OBVIOUS threat to our survival today is nuclear war with the Soviet Union. This is also the most immediate threat, but I would like to stress that in the long run it is not necessarily the most serious one.

For more than twelve years we have been locked in an arms race with the Russians. Both parties in this race fully realize that war between them is a very real possibility. Both sides have expended prodigious efforts aimed at putting themselves in the position of winning the war should it break out. Both sides have been developing varieties of nuclear armaments for tactical, strategic, and defensive purposes. The race has led to concentration of tremendous technological resources upon military problems and has resulted in the emergence of dramatically new techniques of waging war.

DEADLOCKED as we are with the Soviet Union and hoping that the threat of retaliation will prevent the outbreak of a major nuclear war, we have reached the conclusion that "small" or "limited" wars are perhaps inevitable. We have, as a result, embarked upon a program of devising nuclear armaments that are particularly suited to this type of war. The proponents of preparedness for limited nuclear war apparently believe that the leaders of nations will be guided predominantly by rational considerations and that they will handle their warmaking in a sufficiently wise manner that the boat will not be rocked unduly—that fear of the consequences will prevent the outbreak of an all-out nuclear war involving the strategic use of megaton bombs.

There are many sincere proponents of the view that massive preparations for massive retaliation and for limited war represent the only realistic path towards security at the present time. Outstanding among these proponents is a group of men, symbolized in the public mind by Dr. Edward Teller, who exert enormous influence upon our policies in this area. Indeed, the combination of Dr. Teller's position, his prestige, his knowledge, and the iron wall of secrecy that enables him to make statements which cannot easily be checked or refuted by critics outside and often inside government gives this group a degree of influence in the area of policy formation which rivals that of any group of persons in our country in modern times.

In a recent article in *Foreign Affairs* and still more recently in an article in *Life* magazine, Dr. Teller explains his views concerning disarmament. He states: "Since a political solution of the global problem is nowhere in sight, it has been proposed to make the world more peaceful by eliminating the means rather than the causes of war." He then goes on to say: "There are at present two major reasons why such schemes are doomed to failure. One is the existence of the Iron Curtain. The other is the nature of modern scientific discoveries." He states that it is obvious that the Second World War was brought about by a race in disarmament, and although he notes in passing that historical analogies are not reliable, it is amply clear that he is convinced that any agreement on our part aimed at achieving some degree of arms limitation would be suicidal.

DR. TELLER offers us no short-term prospects or even remote long-range hopes for an end. There must be no disarmament. We must wage an endless sequence of little wars. We must continue developing new and more effective weapons for of-

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fense and defense. The specter of nuclear holocaust will be ever-present. We must resign ourselves to this and shape our way of life accordingly.

Where might such a policy take us in the long run? What will happen not only to our own culture but to the rest of the world if we pursue such a policy for the next quarter century and if, by some miracle, catastrophe does not intervene in the meantime?

We must realize that today we are in the middle of an enormous revolution characterized by the rapid spread of industrialization throughout the world. Hand in hand with the growth of industrialization goes the power of waging modern war. Within the last half century we have seen the growth of industrialization and of warmaking potential in Japan. We all know what happened as a result. More recently we have seen the growth of industrialization in the Soviet Union, and we see today what is happening as a result. But I would like to stress that the Soviet Union is by no means last on the list, that we are closer to the beginning of this revolution than we are to the end. China is industrializing, and already she is causing trouble. Other areas of the world will follow—India, Africa, the Middle East, South America. We must recognize that the potential for waging modern war is likely one day to become world-wide.

As nuclear weapons are increasingly taken for granted in fighting small wars, the techniques of making them and of using them will become world-wide—and here I mean *all* nuclear weapons, ranging from the artillery shell to the superbomb. I suspect that about fifteen nations will be in the business of manufacturing nuclear explosives within the next twenty-five years. In another twenty-five years the number may well be double that.

This brings up one point concerning which Dr. Teller and I are in complete agreement. If weapons are to be used they must be tested. Presumably each nation will run its own testing program, and the level of radioactive fallout, which Dr. Teller calls insignificant, may well increase another tenfold. Today this "insignificant" effect results in the deaths of perhaps a few thousand persons each year who might not otherwise have died. (Dr. Teller would probably express this differently: the average length of life is shortened by only a few hours.) Tomorrow the annual additional

deaths might well be numbered in the tens of thousands.

In the next quarter of a century we will make great advances in the struggle for space supremacy. There will be manned satellites, television observation satellites, radar satellites, bomb-carrying satellites. And as we are driven relentlessly into space, we will also be driven relentlessly into the oceans. There will be missile-carrying submarines that will be capable of descending to vastly greater depths than those of today and that will be even less subject to detection. There will be underwater vehicles driven by remote control that will carry thermonuclear explosives capable of destroying coastal cities.

We are faced during the course of the next twenty-five years with the prospect of seeing one nation after another achieve the means of manufacturing nuclear explosives and of delivering them with planes, missiles, and submarines. With the addition of each new nation to the list, the problem of achieving control of any sort will increase enormously. As missiles become more dependable agents for delivery, increased emphasis will be placed upon the use of nuclear explosives for defensive purposes. Eventually most nations will be heavily armed with these weapons.

Within this anarchic framework there will be "little" wars in which tactical nuclear weapons will be used. We are asked to believe that human beings will handle themselves intelligently and coolly in these wars and that everyone's ability to retaliate with massive destruction will result in stabilization. No nation, it is argued, will employ H-bombs strategically for fear of being destroyed herself.

The degree of wishful thinking involved in this view is, I believe, fantastic. In a rapidly changing world, such a situation would be about as stable as a billiard ball balanced on a pinhead. To persons who doubt this, I can only say that a Tunisian village was bombed the other day as the result of an order given by an officer who acted rashly and without the knowledge of the government of France. This was not the first time a French officer has taken a rash action on his own, and it may not be the last.

Imagine, if you will, a world in which nuclear weapons of all sizes have become commonplace and widespread. Couple this with the ever-present possibility of rash military action such as we have just witnessed in Tunisia. Add to this the prospect that rash actions can be precipitated in virtually every region of the globe. Mix with this the consideration that individual human beings are more likely to act in a crisis on the basis of heated emotions and deep-seated fears than on the basis of considered judgment. Add to this the extent to which ignorance permeates human society. Add, for what it is worth, our knowledge from past history concerning the frequency of occurrence of wars. Now examine all of these factors and ask yourselves for how long a time you honestly believe violence on a large scale can be avoided. Our opinions will, of course, vary. But I believe that most of us who are able to divorce ourselves from our tendency to indulge in wishful thinking would agree that the time that stands between us and large-scale disaster someplace in the world is agonizingly short.

Of all our short-range goals, the one of overwhelming urgency, it seems to me, is to secure agreements that would make it extremely

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difficult for the Soviet Union and the United States to engage in large-scale nuclear war and that would severely hinder, if not completely stop, the spread of nuclear military technology to the rest of the world. Dr. Teller believes that any such agreements would work to our disadvantage because we could not be certain that the Soviet Union might not "bootleg" tests. I challenge this view, and in doing so I do not stand alone in the scientific world.

I believe that Dr. Teller is willfully distorting the realities of the situation. I believe that it is possible for us to secure agreements with the Soviet Union to stop tests, and I believe further that the agreements could be of such a nature that the Soviet Union would adhere to them because it would be very much to her advantage to do so. I also believe that it is well within the realm of feasibility to establish a detection system that would make the bootlegging of tests extremely difficult, if not impossible.

I WOULD NOW LIKE to speak more specifically and outline a possible sequence of steps that could be taken which I believe would ease the present critical situation and which would create an atmosphere within which longer-range goals might be pursued.

First, we could agree to stop testing nuclear explosives of all sorts for a specified period of not less than one year and not more than three. This agreement should be divorced from all other aspects of military technology and all international-political considerations. The existing detection stations, located in various parts of the world, would render difficult gross violation of the agreement in the short time during which the agreement would be in effect. The staffs at the various nuclear armaments laboratories here and abroad could make plans for new weapons and they could assemble devices for future testing on as large a scale as they might desire.

During the first few months of the agreement, an international conference could be held, composed primarily of scientists and technologists in the military-nuclear field, for the purpose of discussing in detail the technical requirements for detecting

nuclear tests in relation to their size, nature, and method of detonation. I believe that such a group could in a relatively short time agree upon a scheme that would be workable both technically and politically.

It seems likely to me that a worldwide network of land-based detection stations, spaced approximately at 1,000-mile intervals, coupled with a similar network of observation ships over the oceans, would be a reasonable recommendation. These stations would be equipped with the most modern seismographs, microbarographs, and radiation-detection instruments; and they would be in daily radio communication with a central detection headquarters. The network of detection stations could be under United Nations jurisdiction and operation. The stations could be located and operated in such a way that other aspects of a nation's military program could remain unobserved. Once agreed upon, stations could be established first in those areas of the world where tests have been conducted thus far. Then over a period of five to ten years, the network could be extended over the entire surface of the earth. In the meantime the original short-term agreement could be placed on a permanent basis.

But what about Dr. Teller's bootlegger? Would not the United States be at a disadvantage? We would not think of violating such an agreement, but the Russians might expend vast efforts in attempts to conduct tests in secret.

I believe that there is an answer to this difficulty. Remote though the possibility of conducting tests in secret might be, it is conceivable that some bright young scientist might think of a way of circumventing the agreement. In view of this possibility and in order to place the United States on an equal footing with the Soviet Union, I would be inclined to legalize secret nuclear tests—in short, to make the bootlegging of tests an honorable profession.

The agreement I visualize would not be to stop *all* nuclear testing. It would be an *agreement to stop all tests that could be detected by the established network*. This would mean that no appreciable radioactivity could be poured into the atmosphere to contaminate the air, no appreciable air pressure waves could be initiated, no large ground shocks could be generated. It would mean further that our scientists and technologists at Los Alamos and Livermore could be kept happy and busy exploring all possible roads that might enable them to circumvent these formidable restrictions.

I believe that it is possible for us to approach the problems of controlling missiles and satellites in a similar way—although the technical problems will be much more formidable. Yet here also I believe we can reach agreements that can be kept because it would be to the interest of all parties to keep them. As a start, it should be possible to place the region outside the earth's atmosphere under United Nations jurisdiction and to establish a system whereby a satellite could be launched only with U.N. approval following inspection to ascertain its function.

I REALIZE that it is a long way from cessation of nuclear tests and the assignment of the control of space to the establishment of a truly peaceful world. But it seems to me that we have got to start someplace, and we have got to start soon. We are rapidly approaching the time when it will be too late.

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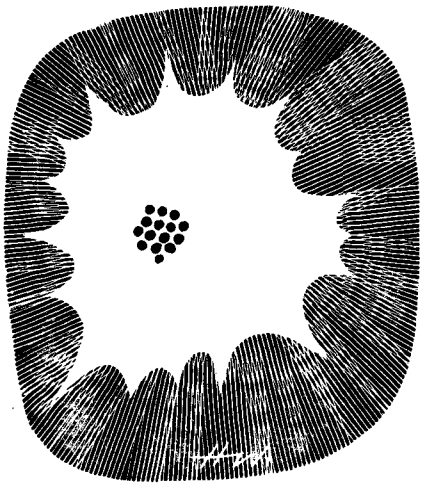
Eighteen German Physicists Say 'There Must Be an End'



ROBERT JUNGK

"WHAT will you do in a few years or so when you are asked to design an atomic bomb on the drawing board?"

"I shall refuse."

"And if you lose your job?"

"Then I shall lose it."

"And on what will you base your refusal?"

"I shall say simply: 'There must be an end.'"

This conversation took place in the spring of 1957 between Professor Karl Friedrich von Weizsäcker, at forty-five one of Germany's leading theoretical physicists, and a student. Shortly afterward, von Weizsäcker quoted the conversation word for word in a speech before a student gathering in Bonn. "There must be an end," he said again, "and all of us feel that way." The students gave him an ovation.

It would be an error to suppose that von Weizsäcker is a popular orator or a demagogue. Both his speeches and his lectures, during which he usually walks up and down with bowed head, give rather the effect of a private monologue. Perhaps it is this directness which accounts for the fact that von Weizsäcker has become one of the highest-rated radio personalities in West Germany. His books have gone into editions of five or six figures. His lectures at the University of Hamburg, where, significantly enough, this physicist now holds a chair of philosophy, are always overcrowded.

The April Manifesto

It is only since April 13, 1957, when eighteen West German atomic scientists declared their opposition to any nuclear weapons for the new German Army, that von Weizsäcker has become a nationally known figure. He is now the focal point of forces stemming from the most diverse political and ideological backgrounds, and united only in their fear of an atomic war on German soil.

Since that manifesto a year ago, the Eighteen, as they are popularly known, have made no further joint declaration, although they have been asked for one on several occasions. It has been suggested in Germany that they are no longer in agreement and that some of them regret having become involved in political questions. Such a rumor probably arises because Germans believe that in the past their scientists have all too often shown a lack of civic courage. Otto Hahn, the German scientist who in 1944 received a Nobel Prize for splitting the uranium atom in 1938, recently made plain the chief reason for their reticence: "If such an action as the April declaration were taken every two or three months, its effect would

be nullified. But," he added, "we are of the opinion, now as always, that we must turn to the public whenever necessary. As soon as there is a reason for us to make known our concern about anything, we will get together and do just that."

This attitude may be politically shrewd. Recently a government representative said, "The possibility of a veto by the Eighteen still hangs like a sword of Damocles over all government decisions concerning defense policy." It even seems that the fear of the uproar that might be roused by a second declaration by the atomic scientists has again and again forced the Bonn government to camouflage, and even revise, its armament and foreign-policy programs. The Eighteen continue to be a powerful force in Germany despite, or perhaps precisely because of, their silence.

THE SITUATION was very different in the fall and winter of 1956, when the proposal to equip the German Army with atomic weapons first became widely known. At that time, the Defense Minister, Franz-Josef Strauss, could still permit himself to shout at Otto Hahn, at seventy-eight the "grand old man" of German natural sciences. Hahn, who had felt a personal duty to fight against atomic weapons, had originally hoped that a simple letter of warning would halt the government's atomic armament plans. A talk with Strauss, who considered the letter "gratituous meddling," taught him better.

Weizsäcker, who was present, has diplomatically described the conversation as "prolonged and very lively." Actually it was typical of the traditional German sergeant silencing a civilian. "If my servant were to pass on to the Communists the things you wrote in your letter, they would pay him a hundred thousand marks!" the Minister shouted. He added: "By this attitude, gentlemen, you will be the heroes of every Communist from Pankow to Peking." Weizsäcker later reported: "If I were to characterize our feelings about this conversation, I would say that we left silenced but unconvinced."

Strauss assured the scientists that there was no independent German plan for atomic rearmament. Since Hahn's letter assumed the pos-

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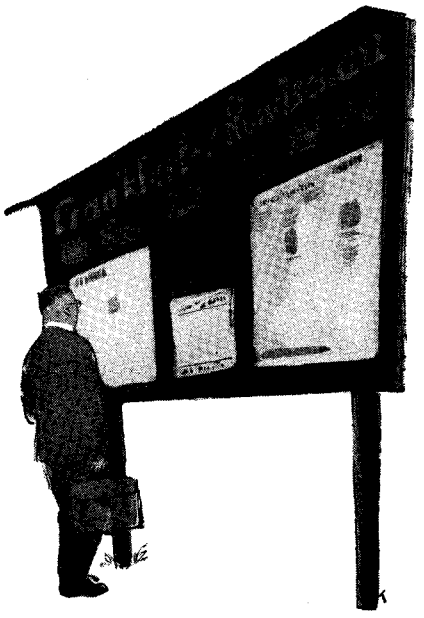


sible existence of such a plan, it could not be made public in view of Strauss's disclaimer. But the scientists' anxiety was not allayed because Strauss at the same time declared that "the great atomic rearmament of all NATO forces," to which German contingents belonged, was "necessary and a sure guarantee of peace and liberty."

ONE MONTH after the conversation with Strauss, Weizsäcker first gave public expression to his concern. In the course of a series of lectures on the Third Program of the North German Radio, one of the largest stations in Germany, he discussed whether the Germans should be armed with atomic weapons within the framework of the NATO agreements. This came as a surprise to both the program directors and the public, who knew nothing of the previous discussions with the Defense Minister. As the son of a former member of the Foreign Office who had been Hitler's ambassador to the Vatican, Weizsäcker understood political reality, and he admitted that "The participation of the German Republic in the atomic armament of NATO on a short-term basis would, in the immediate future, probably reinforce our security and our bargaining position. . . The politician is obliged to take such short-term considerations seriously." But he added: "In spite of this, you will see clearly from all I have said that I personally cannot approve of this course. The security we hope to obtain by this procedure seems to me to be no better than the security of a roulette game, and it masks catastrophe. Can we rely on bombs which nobody, in fact, would dare to drop? Taking a long view, we have to fear the bombs. But even on a short-term basis, we have to fear the mentality that relies on bombs." Weizsäcker made his position plain: "I know today that I am not prepared to share in making bombs. This same decision has probably been made by many others who do not talk about it in public." This was a new, clear warning to the government.

In that same month of March, 1957, the United German synod of the yearly meeting of the Evangelical Church took place. Several leading Protestants sought to make church appointment of chaplains for the new army contingent upon a prior definite commitment by the government not to use atomic armaments. The question debated was "Can a Protestant minister serve in an atomically equipped army?" A yes or no vote was avoided only through the intervention of one of Adenauer's chief supporters, Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, president of the Bundestag.

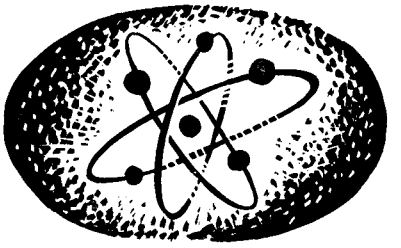
For a short time it looked as if the whole matter of atomic armament had been shelved. Suddenly, on April 5, Adenauer said at a press conference: "Tactical atomic weapons are basically nothing but a further development of artillery, and it is quite obvious that with the constant technical development in armaments that is unfortunately taking place, we cannot avoid the necessity of possessing the newest types and must keep abreast of the latest developments."

Breakfast in Detmold

Weizsäcker and his colleague, the experimental physicist Walther Gerlach, read the Chancellor's statement at breakfast in their hotel in the little town of Detmold. They were at a meeting in the capital of the tiny former principality of Lippe to discuss student scholarships. "Something must be done at once!" exclaimed Weizsäcker. Within a week the two men succeeded in getting almost all the leading German physicists, among them four Nobel Prize winners (Max Born, Otto Hahn, Werner Heisenberg, and Max von Laue) to sign a manifesto that went further than any previous protest against nuclear weapons. The signers took the solemn pledge that under no circumstances would any one of them share in the production, testing, or use of atomic weapons. This warning to governments and peoples left no room for doubt.

It is true that individual atomic scientists in other countries have taken similar vows, but nowhere else has so representative a group as the Eighteen declared its nonco-operation and refusal to serve in an atomic-armament program announced by its own government.

THE FAVORABLE response to this manifesto was unexpected and strong, even from much of the pro-government press. Otto Hahn declared a little later: "We did not expect a response on so wide or powerful a scale, especially from



the Eastern Zone and from the West German political opposition. We knew we would come into conflict with many elements in the West German government, but we had to speak out because serious discussion could not be postponed indefinitely. In 1955, a first appeal by Nobel Prize winners assembled on the island of Mainau was issued in German, English, French, and Russian. It brought no public response. An appeal was made again last year in Lindau and it too brought no reaction. We think our present procedure justified, and we stand by it."

Otto Hahn spoke in June, 1957, and at that time it looked as though the declaration by the Eighteen had produced at least two important results. At home, after a first brief counterattack against the "rebellious scientists," which was soon regretted and withdrawn, the Bonn

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government seemed inclined to favor their stand by announcing its lack of interest in nuclear weapons for the German Army. Abroad, it seemed possible that together with Dr. Albert Schweitzer's protest against bomb tests the German manifesto might perhaps have an influence on the London disarmament conference.

Grand Indecision

Since then, however, the situation has reverted to what it was before the appeal of the Eighteen. The Bonn government maintains that it does not want to produce atomic weapons but that it will accept the view, expressed by NATO Supreme Allied Commander in Europe Lauris Norstad, that the German Army should have atomic weapons. Moreover, there are indications that the Bonn Republic would be ready if requested to participate actively in the nuclear-weapon research of other western states, even providing its own scientists and materials. Because of the effect of the 1957 manifesto of the Eighteen, which helped to delay all concrete plans for German atomic armament for almost a year, the government as far as possible still avoids making any statements that would indicate moves toward German atomic armament.

Thus Felix von Eckardt, who is press chief of the Republic, and Defense Minister Strauss have repeatedly said that the stationing of long-range missiles with atomic warheads on German soil is "not a pressing matter" and "is not ready for present discussion."

At the same time, however, negotiations have been taking place between several German defense commands and local officials for acquisition of property for the construction of rocket bases. The anxious questions of Bundestag members are answered with reassurances that nothing but anti-aircraft guns will be installed. No expert can accept these reassurances, especially since the localities concerned are for the most part at a considerable distance from towns and factories in need of anti-aircraft protection.

This game of hide-and-seek can hardly go on much longer, since a conference of NATO defense ministers in Paris is scheduled for April. There the problem of the atomic armament of all NATO forces—including German troop contingents—which was deferred last December will have to be decided. Unless Bonn can delay a NATO decision on the atomic armament of the German Army, it will try to defer clarification of its own position at least until the beginning of July, when provincial elections will be held in the populous province of North Rhine-Westphalia. A decision for atomic armament prior to these elections might result in a considerable loss in the voting strength of Adenauer's Christian Democrats.

ANOTHER FACTOR in favor of deferring until after the middle of July the decision about West Germany's equipment with nuclear weapons is that university vacations start about this time. The manifesto of the Eighteen has proved that the most decisive resistance to the inclusion of the German Army in the roulette game of nuclear weapons is to be expected from the universities, and therefore there can be little doubt that Bonn tacticians will choose vacation time to announce whatever decision is reached.

The Eighteen now face a difficult problem: When should they address the public again? They dare not speak too soon, lest their warning misfire; or too late, lest it be impossible for the nation to backtrack.

Although they have not spoken as a group, some of them as individuals have expressed their views publicly during the past year. Their statements have all been stronger than the joint declaration. Here is how Max von Laue answered the objections of those who accused the protesting atomic scientists of defeatism and of favoring Soviet armaments: "Suppose I live in a big apartment house and burglars attack me; I am allowed to defend myself, and, if need be, I may even shoot, but under no circumstances may I blow up the house. It is true that to do so would be an effective defense against burglars, but the resulting evil would be much greater than any I could suffer. But what if the burglars have explosives to destroy the whole house? Then I would leave them with the responsibility for the evil, and would not contribute anything to it."

And Walther Gerlach, lecturing in Hanover, said: "Atomic physics has brought man into a new relationship with humanity," which requires "a final and speedy abolition of customary political concepts."

No one has more strongly emphasized the moral obligation of the atomic scientist than Max Born, one of the fathers of modern theoretical physics:

"The Eighteen refuse to take part in a development in science which they condemn on moral grounds. They believe that science is responsible for more than merely scientific achievement. They realize that their decision may bring perse-

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cution—by defamation, by insinuation that they are paid by some political groups, by ridicule as mere intellectuals, by whispering campaigns, and all the rest of it—and can mean personal suffering. This will not change their attitude."

The German atomic physicists are responsible, Max Born thinks, not only to their own people but to all humanity.

A Dialogue with Dr. Teller

Weizsäcker may soon meet a friend of his who represents a point of view diametrically opposed to his own—Edward Teller. Twenty-four years ago the two scientists held almost nightly discussions in a small boarding house in Copenhagen, much frequented by the pupils of Professor Niels Bohr. Their conversations were not always confined to physics. When the two men were not discussing God, the world, and politics, they delighted in a game they invented along the lines of a Platonic dialogue. The game required one of the two participants to propose a paradox and then, in the Socratic manner, to prove it by questioning the other. A thesis which Weizsäcker once sustained was that "Standing to attention produces a Dionysiac feeling." Teller, in turn, argued the case for a curious maxim: "Pleasure in the misfortunes of another is the purest joy."

When next they meet, the two men will have more urgent topics to discuss. On one side there will be Weizsäcker's thesis: "The West, in the long run, will not protect its own liberty, or the peace of the world, by atomic armaments." Teller will say: "Only continuous atomic armament and nuclear tests can secure peace."

The game will not be played as lightheartedly as in the old days.

The Little Cloud That Got Away

PAUL JACOBS

AT NOON on December 9, 1957, a "safety experiment" that had unexpected results was carried out with a nuclear weapon at the Nevada Test Site of the Atomic Energy Commission. The test was the eighth of its kind to be conducted at the site during 1957; one had been held in April, five during the May-October period of the full-scale test series, and one on December 6. All together, there have been fifteen such experiments at the Yucca Flat test site since the AEC began testing there in 1951.

These experiments "are not tests of stockpile weapons," stated an AEC spokesman to newsmen in May, 1957, "but are experiments intended to determine which among several designs afford the maximum assurance of safety in handling and storage of operational weapons. Hence it is possible that our experiments with extreme designs may involve some nuclear reaction as part of our efforts to learn how to avoid them."

"Experience has shown," reported the Commission recently, "that if a nuclear reaction does result during these experiments, it is of a very low order of power. As some measure of air contamination might result, the experiments are generally fired underground. There is then no effect observable off-site."

Even though the safety tests are "generally fired underground," the one made on December 9 was a surface shot, for which a prediction was made that "it could have a low-order nuclear yield."

The nuclear detonation of December 9 produced a radioactive energy yield that approached the maximum projected for it—a maximum, to be sure, that was quite low. A brief news release issued by the AEC on the day of the test stated: "The experiment resulted in a dust cloud that rose several thousand feet. There were no effects outside the Las Vegas Bombing and Gunnery Range."

It did indeed rise several thousand feet; in fact, to a height of thirteen thousand feet above sea level, which is about eight thousand feet above the test site. And in spite of the AEC statement to the contrary, there *were* effects "outside the Las Vegas Bombing and Gunnery Range"—effects obviously not anticipated at the time by the AEC.

Low amounts of radiation were noted late in the afternoon of December 9 at Lathrop Wells, about thirty miles southwest of the test site on Highway 95, by one of the six radio-equipped vehicles that monitored the shot. Within the next few days, the AEC received reports of increases in normal background radiation from a military installation at Inyokern, California, more than a hundred miles from the test site, and from Los Angeles, more than 250 miles southwest of the detonation point, where an increase of approximately ten times the normal background radiation was registered.

Flukes and Implications

These increases in background radiation, the result of a fluke in the weather, were not themselves of a serious magnitude. But what is of far greater significance are the implications about the AEC's public-information policy.

Though the December 9 test had originally been scheduled for the previous day, the weather pattern forecast for that day had been unacceptable in view of the AEC's anticipation "on any of these shots that a very low-order nuclear yield may result." Before deciding to fire a shot, AEC officials consider "maximum foreseeable yield of the shot, wind direction and maximum cloud height, and probable fallout patterns under such circumstances." If the shot's "yield is less, if atmospher-

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ic conditions change, if wind directions at various levels change, you can arrive," states an AEC official, "at an infinite number of variations."

But the safety tests "are not scheduled as rigidly as full-scale shots," and the December 8 firing was delayed because the fallout pattern would have "approached too close to on-site installations."

The weather forecast for December 9 was considered acceptable. The "assumptions applicable" at the time, according to the AEC, "were for a certain yield figure as the maximum low-order yield which foreseeably would result if there was a nuclear detonation, and a maximum cloud height of 20,000 feet above mean sea level or approximately 16,000 feet above Yucca Flat." Fallout pattern and direction were made for the "maximum" yield as well as for "lesser" and "extremely low" yields. It was predicted that if the yield and cloud height were either "maximum" or "lesser," "any fallout up to 1 R [one roentgen] would be on unoccupied land and would not reach the highway and there would only be trace fallout at greater distances."

EVERYTHING went almost as expected on the day of the shot. It was fired at noon, and afterwards the wind patterns were almost as predicted except that one cloud segment "obviously came under the influence of an airflow to the southeast . . ." It was this cloud segment that carried the air-borne radiation over Lathrop Wells, Inyokern, and, through the mountain passes, to Los Angeles—"despite," the AEC says now, "the influence of terrain which would normally divert a low air mass." In March, 1958, the AEC maintained that this cloud movement and the fact that "the portion of air bearing radiation should have held relatively intact without being rather widely dispersed" were primarily of interest "to weathermen."

Back in December, 1957, the AEC had not yet publicly admitted that there was a "portion of air bearing radiation." But not only weathermen were interested in Los Angeles' sudden tenfold increase of background radiation, even though that increase was still far below what is considered hazardous. Officials of the Los Angeles City Health Department had discovered an increase during a routine air sampling and were very much concerned about its source, as were Civil Defense officials. It was found, on checking with the weather bureau, that there had been low-level winds coming from the test site to Los Angeles. Inquiries to the AEC brought acknowledgment of the "safety experiment" and the nuclear detonation.

On December 16, the AEC issued a statement "to news media, Civil Defense officials and others in California after inquiry had arisen over source of low, but above normal, radiation levels recorded in the San Fernando Valley near Los Angeles." (The San Fernando Valley is one of the most densely populated regions in Los Angeles County.)

Dust Clouds Blown Westward

Although the December 9 AEC news release had stated that the dust cloud rose "several thousand feet," the December 16 statement "confirmed that the experiment resulted in a cloud of dust that rose to approximately 13,000 feet." (It was not made clear how something that had not been said before could be "confirmed.")

The December 16 statement did not say any more than the earlier one about the presence of radiation in the December 9 dust cloud. In fairness to the AEC, however, neither did the December 16 statement make the flat assertion that the cloud had not contained radiation. It merely repeated the May, 1957, announcement that "experiments with extreme designs may involve some nuclear reaction," and then ended with a somewhat vague statement that the dust cloud was "blown slowly westward by the prevailing winds, and it is possible a portion of the air mass could have reached the Los Angeles area."

But on January 9, 1958, a Public Health Service official attached to the Las Vegas AEC office was not so vague as the AEC had been in attributing the source of the increased radiation readings in Los Angeles to the safety experiments. At an Office of Civil Defense meeting on that date "of radiological people gathered together for the purpose of exploring the reports of increased background radiation," the PHS man explained, according to the official summary of the meeting's minutes, "that the recent high background in the City of Los Angeles and vicinity which occurred on December 12 and 13 was probably the result of 'safe testing' at the proving grounds" but "that similar tests had caused no increase in the background count off of the gunnery range; that they had no reasons to suspect that it would do so in this case; but that in the future they will notify the State Health Department of such tests."

On February 22, the first safety experiment of 1958 was conducted in an underground tunnel chamber with no off-site effects, according to the AEC. The second safety experiment of 1958 was also conducted underground at the test site on March 14, using a technique designed "as a public safety measure, in the belief —which was proved in the various safety and full-scale shots of 1957— that the earth would contain all radiation and result in no airborne radiation."

BUT WHAT of the past? What about the radiation released in the experiments conducted before 1957, before the underground chambers were in use? And what of the surface safety shot of August, 1957, which, like the December shot, also resulted in a "small measure of airborne radiation"?

Then, as now and as always, the public has been soothingly assured by the AEC that whatever technique of testing is in current use, it will have no adverse effect upon public health. At the same time a new technique, like that of underground chambers, is always being developed "as a public safety measure." What has never been explained is why, if testing doesn't menace public health and if no harm can come from clouds such as those that hovered over Los Angeles in December, an AEC official still took the trouble to state this March that "Each future safety experiment of which I have knowledge is now planned for underground tunnel or shaft placement."

The AEC's policy of burying bombs for safety experiments is a fairly new one, but its policy of burying the facts about test explosions is all too familiar.

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Tunisia: The Pressures On Habib Bourguiba

CLAIRE STERLING

TUNIS

PRESIDENT Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia said recently: "For twenty-five years France has been a part of me. I have fought her, I have passed half my life in her prisons, but it is with France that I am in the habit of talking. Even in the worst moments, I have always known that I would take up the dialogue again because at bottom I could not do otherwise. But our young people will not let me speak of co-operation and friendship again —after Sakiet. They had no part in our old struggles. They will not tolerate any violation of Tunisia's independence because they know nothing of what we went through to get it. When, in response to their wishes, I decided to demand the immediate and total evacuation of French troops from our soil, I felt I was playing for my biggest stakes. Either I win or I shall be swept away."

That, in short, was how matters stood for Bourguiba in late February, when Robert Murphy left Washington on his "good offices" mission. Even with all Tunisia in mourning for the seventy-four people killed by French bombardment in the border village of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, Bourguiba continued to speak of his former colonial rulers with affection. But what he calls his dialogue with France—that curiously intimate relationship which had withstood all the strains of the last quarter century—had been broken off and his countrymen were in no mood to countenance his resuming it.

But a few weeks later Bourguiba seemed to have reassessed his chances of surviving their wrath, and when Murphy left here for Paris on March 17, Bourguiba had accepted the possibility of conducting direct negotiations with France after all. This was in exchange, presumably, for an assurance that the United States and Britain would continue to interest themselves in the solution of his chief problem:

the Algerian war. It remains to be seen whether his fears of losing the leadership of his country will be realized.

There are those who say that he has already lost it, and that, however much longer he may cling to office, Bourguibism as such is dead. The pronouncement seems premature. But if Bourguibism is not yet dead, it shows distressing signs of dying.

THE SIGNS are distressing for the West as a whole, if not for all its component parts. Bourguibism has never been popular in French colonial circles, where it has simply been considered a calamitously successful ask-for-an-inch-and-take-an-ell method of national liberation. Even in Paris, where Bourguiba has saved more than one cabinet from itself, his very constancy to France has been taken as the final, galling proof of his essential duplicity.

For more thoughtful Frenchmen, however, and for other westerners, Bourguibism has been a rare and precious phenomenon in a swiftly decolonializing age: an independence movement that is race-proud but not racist, forthright but not reckless, open always to reasonable compromise, and, above all, grounded on the conviction that Tunisia and all North Africa have a common destiny with France and the western world.

Nothing has induced Bourguiba to swerve from that conviction—neither the meager financial reward he has had for his pains, nor the agonizing Algerian war on his frontier, nor Sakiet. The bombing and strafing of that unhappy village on February 8—three days after the Algerian *fellagha* there had withdrawn—put the whole nation into a state of shock and confirmed, for thousands of Tunisians, the deepest fears they have had since independence was won in 1956: that France would some day try to repossess their country, or at the very least that they would somehow be engulfed in the Algerian war. Yet, only a few days after that episode, Bourguiba once more made his loyalty clear. "So long as I head the Tunisian Republic," he said, "we will not be drawn into the camp of pro-Soviet neutralism or cloudy Pan-Arabism. Whatever happens, I cannot be anything but a man of the West."

Revolt Among the Young

The question now, however, is whether the Tunisians will continue to prefer this man to any other. Tunisia is, after all, an Arab nation; and as Bourguiba himself says, "It is only against the most profound sentiments of my people that I have convinced them of where their welfare lies." He has managed this in the past because the Tunisians have trusted him. But for the first time in a quarter of a century, they are beginning to wonder.

What is happening in Tunisia has come about partly through French behavior, partly through Nasser's, partly through the passage of time. The murmurs of discontent, though widespread, are coming mostly from

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a younger generation which has inherited rather than fought for its freedom, and which is dazzled by the easy triumphs of another Arab leader to the east. Untried in battle, impatient for victory, uncluttered in mind with the sentimental memories that tie their elders to France, the younger Tunisians are irritated by Bourguiba's reluctance to play rough with the French, by his inability to extract from the United States what Nasser has gotten from Russia, and above all by his conspicuous failure to work the miracle for which Bourguibism is supposed to be uniquely suited: a happy ending to the Algerian war.

It is only in the past month or two that these feelings have come out in the open, largely through the pages of *L'Action*, a spirited weekly put out by the younger intellectuals in Bourguiba's nationalist Neo-Destour Party. *L'Action's* editorials voice the doubts in everyone's mind: Has Bourguiba been backing the right horse? Isn't this the time to change Tunisian policy? Will the United States come through with a declaration of independence for Algeria? Since Sakiet, *L'Action* has stopped asking and begun, instead, to assert. "To be respected in 1958," it said recently, "one can no longer be a friend of the West. To receive attention and be courted, one must be a Nehru or a Tito or a Nasser." The next week's editorial was even more specific. "In a few days, a Soviet ship will dock in Tunis with relief supplies for the Algerian refugees. We await it with interest and sympathy . . . as a symbol of new horizons opening up to us. . . To be infatuated with the Occidental mystique in our country is to come surely to grief. It is a national imperative for us to extend our friendship to the East as well as the West." If this isn't quite Nasser's positive kind of neutralism, it seems on the way to becoming that.

THE EDITORS of *L'Action* do not, of course, speak for the entire Neo-Destour. But even the men closest to Bourguiba feel that the situation is nearing a point where he must either win spectacular concessions from the West or go under.

In the agreement giving Tunisia its independence, France was permitted to keep some 50,000 troops in the country. That number is now down to 22,000, of whom 7,000 are stationed at five small airfields and the rest at Bizerte—where they have been confined to barracks at Tunisian gunpoint since Sakiet. In the pre-Sakiet days, a staged withdrawal from the smaller bases had already been agreed upon in principle. But Bourguiba's original demand, after the bombing incident, for immediate evacuation of Bizerte was a stunning blow to the French.

The $200-million base at Bizerte, one of the last great military outposts remaining to France, is a peg of the celebrated strategic triangle—from Bizerte to Mers-el-Kebir to Toulon—that has given her supremacy in this part of the Mediterranean. In an era of guided missiles it is certainly less important than it once was. Nevertheless, NATO circles still consider it valuable, not only as a "protection factor" for Libyan bases but also as a "denial factor" against possible use by an enemy. For the French, it is psychologically if not militarily indispensable.

Actually, no one else particularly wants Bizerte. The Tunisians haven't the technicians to run it, and can't afford to; the British have a similar installation in nearby Malta; the United States has more than enough bases on the North African coast, in Morocco and Libya; and NATO doesn't operate bases on its own.

In the proposals Murphy took with him to Paris, Bourguiba had modified his demand that the French evacuate Bizerte at once, but he still insisted on a clear declaration by the French government of Tunisian sovereignty over the port as a precondition to further negotiations. Anything short of that, as one Tunisian government spokesman put it, "would simply put the West to sleep—and the awakening would be terrible."

The Long Shadow of Algeria

Even if and when the future of Bizerte is settled, the essential problem dividing France and Tunis will remain: the Algerian war.

Without it, there would have been no Sakiet, no demand for Bizerte, and indeed no issue on which Tunisia and France could not sooner or later agree. So long as the war continues, on the other hand, no compromise between Tunisia and France could bring anything but an uneasy truce for more than a month or two.

Ever since June 1, 1955, when Bourguiba returned to Tunis as head of his newly freed state, the Algerian conflict has thrown a lengthening shadow over everything that he has done or tried to do. Cautiously at first, then with growing audacity, he has given every possible help to the rebels, and at the same time worked desperately to bring them together with the French. He has done this not only out of natural sympathy for his fellow Arabs but also because of a grave concern for Tunisia's safety—at present, when the war might

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spill over into his territory any day, and in the future, when Tunisia might find itself flanked by an independent Algeria twenty times its size, with a seasoned army ten times bigger than its own, and with a native leadership that drifts further toward Nasser's way of thinking after every new French mopping-up operation.

IT HAS BEEN largely as a result of Bourguiba's influence that the National Liberation Front (F.L.N.) revolutionary group in Tunisia has so far refused all offers of direct Soviet assistance and, though accepting help from Egypt, has remained more or less in the western camp. Last winter, the F.L.N.'s Exterior Delegation was even induced to move its headquarters from Cairo to Tunis, on the understanding that rebel fighters could use Tunisia as a privileged sanctuary. Directly after Sakiet, however, the Exterior Delegation moved back to Cairo, ostensibly for a weekend conference, actually to await the outcome of the "good offices" mission. It is still there; and while it waits, some eight thousand armed Algerian *fellagha*—nearly double the number of men in Tunisia's standing army—are encamped on Tunisian soil. "If the F.L.N. decides to change its policy and Bourguiba sticks to his own," says a high Tunisian official, "I don't know how long the F.L.N. will leave him free to do so."

The Exterior Delegation would probably not be satisfied even by a French evacuation of Bizerte. "Since the Algerians fear isolation more than anything else at the moment," says the same official, "they wouldn't stand for total calm in Tunisia. What the F.L.N. is evidently waiting for is an outright commitment from the State Department to support the cause of Algerian independence. So are the Tunisians—or at least those around Bourguiba, who feel that if the United States doesn't take the situation in hand at once, they will be undone."

It is not only because of Algeria that the Tunisians are now turning so expectantly toward America. For unless and until Bourguiba resumes his dialogue with France, they will be in the worst kind of economic straits. A united North

African Federation, with a fertile thousand-mile coastline and the rich mineral deposits of the Sahara, might well be viable. But Tunisia alone, with nearly four million people proliferating rapidly in a territory no bigger than Louisiana's and with an economy distorted to fit that of France, is simply not a realistic geographical entity.

Thanks to France, Tunisia has one of the most modern—and costly—façades of any underdeveloped nation anywhere. But in the last twenty-five years, its population has increased by sixty per cent while its production has risen by only twenty-five per cent; it has no industry to speak of; at least half the export crops are too expensive to compete on the world market; it imports a third more than it exports; the average per capita income is $107 a year; and one out of every three workers is chronically unemployed.

Until now, France has covered practically all of Tunisia's development projects—according to French sources, $428 million was given for these purposes between 1949 and 1955, and since independence a further $152 million has been allocated. France has helped cover Tunisia's annual trade deficit of $70 million and its recent losses through flight of capital, now close to $50 million a year. Furthermore, Tunisia has been getting artificially high prices in Metropolitan France for its four biggest exports: cereals, olive oil, wine, and phosphate rock. To be sure, France has profited under this arrangement by selling inordinately high-priced goods to the Tunisians in turn, and since the Tunisians are tied to the franc zone they haven't the foreign exchange to buy elsewhere. Still, the fact remains that they can't very well sell their expensive crops elsewhere, either, nor are they in any condition otherwise to support themselves without French assistance.

Direct aid has been only a portion of that assistance—and part of it has had to be repaid as amortization and interest on old loans anyway. Much of France's bolstering influence on the Tunisian economy has been in the form of French military expenditures, all of which would naturally be lost to Tunisia if the French forces did withdraw. Far worse than that loss, however, would be the effect of such an evacuation on the French *colons*, who run 257 of Tunisia's 297 industrial establishments, produce half its wheat on beautifully ordered and mechanized farms, and possess the lion's share of whatever private capital might be available for investment.

There used to be 180,000 *colons* in Tunisia. Half of them have left since independence was declared, and thousands more are preparing to leave now. They do this regretfully. Tunisia is the one country in North Africa where the *colons* have generally been on excellent terms with the native population. But the continuing Algerian war next door, with its depressing effect on Franco-Tunisian relations, has tended to drive them away; and lately the Tunisians themselves have begun to do some of the driving. On February 24, 193 families, comprising 605 persons settled mostly in the sensitive zones near the Algerian frontier, were ordered to leave their farms.

'It's Up to America'

How is Tunisia to survive if its relations with France continue to worsen, or are altogether cut off? There is no indication at present that the United States would be willing to pay the hundreds of millions needed for a ten-year investment program without which Tunisia could not even keep its growing population at the present miserable standard of living.

Yet the Tunisians look to us with

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desperate hope. "We have a certain conception of life coinciding with the free world's," says their Finance Minister, "and we can be a pilot nation for it. We have an enormous affinity with the West and the West must help us. It is a question of solidarity, to avoid an economic depression so grave that it would make for a political calamity."

The calamity might come either way—through economic collapse or Algerian-Nasserian pressure or both; and it would surely be a calamity for all North Africa, for France, for all of us. Though Tunisia is by far the smallest nation in the Maghreb, it is the most articulate, the most education-conscious, still the most united around a man so attached to the West that even in the face of extreme provocation he has steadfastly refused to do what almost any other Arab leader in his place would have done.

IN THE PAST WEEKS Bourguiba has shown signs of being all but overwhelmed by the mounting pressures upon him. His treasury is nearly empty. The French troops, still in their barracks at Bizerte and elsewhere, are growing restive in their confinement. The F.L.N. is making ominous declarations from Cairo. Nasser, a freshly rejuvenated idol for the Arab masses since the formation of the United Arab Republic, has become a new Saladin in the eyes of millions of Moslems, including quite a number of Tunisians. And from his refuge in Cairo, Bourguiba's only notable rival, the fanatic Salah Ben Youssef, has sent his agents into Tunisia, well armed and well heeled, to engineer Bourguiba's fall. The agents were caught and the plot didn't come to much. But it was surely a sign of the times.

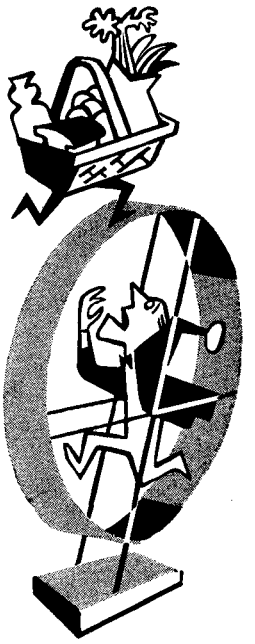
However painful a dilemma this may pose for the State Department, it cannot much longer be ignored. "For the moment—and I do not say this with a gay heart," says Bourguiba, "it is difficult to defend France in my country. But at least I can still defend the West, if the West helps me. It is up to America now to choose—either it will be Bourguiba or it will be positive neutralism in Tunisia, in Algeria, in all the Arab-speaking nations from the Atlantic Ocean to the Nile."

HALF BEAR, HALF BULL

ERIC SEVAREID

Congressmen now throwing anti-recession bills into the hopper are operating on the principle of the embattled and perplexed military commander—to wit: it is better to do *something*, even if wrong, than nothing at all, whatever the strategy textbooks say.

Everything now proposed would have some effect, no doubt. No doubt either, most effects will be considerably different from those foreseen, and it will be interesting to see, months or years from now, what the whole story of this recession and its remedies does to the economic textbooks. Modern textbooks prescribe Federal surpluses and reduced budgets in times of prosperity, deficits and spending in times of recession. So far this two-sided theory has had mostly a one-sided test; we've managed to spend in the bad times, but not always, in the good times, have we managed to save.



The big depression developed out of a prosperity that was not very sound, much of it a paper prosperity. It took the heavy defense spending of the Second World War really to lick it. This recession is developing out of a prosperity presumably more soundly based and which *already* included heavy defense spending. The first postwar recession was vanquished because there was a huge pent-up and delayed demand for consumer goods. But does this demand exist today? Would Americans really consume at the recent rate even if they had plenty of jobs and cash? The situation has a different smell about it this time.

Another unfamiliar odor arises from the fact that this time deflation in prices is not accompanying the deflation in employment and purchasing. Maybe this means the recession will be kept short and shallow, and maybe it means a much worse collapse. Again, the textbooks give very little guidance.

This recession may very well do great violence to textbook faiths about inflation in general. If rising unemployment and declining purchaser demand do not prevent the price level from steadily rising, what will — short of dictatorial controls which nobody wants? Maybe nothing will or can. Maybe price inflation is a built-in condition of our kind of society. A few estimable economists think so. They think the basic notion of sound money is an illusion built on the experience of the nineteenth century, an exceptional, non-repeatable experience; that was the only period in some five hundred years when prices fell over a long stretch. These gentlemen argue that prices will continue to rise, in the long haul, because this is a very different century and society—a century of war or preparations for war, of trade-union floors under wages, of subsidized agriculture in many countries, of full employment as a constant political goal and effort, of social services, and of higher living standards as an article of faith.

If this is true, then maybe there can be a depression in terms of jobs in the middle of a boom in terms of prices. The annoying thing about economics is that the books follow the events, not the events the books.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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Walter Reuther Makes A Big Bid in a Bad Year

EVERETT G. MARTIN

EVER SINCE January 5, 1914, when Henry Ford announced that he would pay five dollars a day for eight hours' work, Detroit has had a hand in setting the course of relations between management and labor. Many of the ideas did not originate in the auto industry, but they gained their prominence when Detroit took them up.

Since the days of the elder Ford, the initiative for change has passed into the hands of the red-headed president of the United Automobile Workers, Walter P. Reuther. This year, as he sits down with the automobile makers to negotiate a new wage agreement, the talk centers around his profit-sharing proposal. It's not a new idea, but it's new to big industry and it's certainly different to have it proposed by a union rather than by management.

Most observers don't give Reuther much chance of getting it accepted. Ever since the war, he has been riding a growing economy and his gains have been phenomenal. This year, however, he faces economic contraction. Most signs indicate that the UAW's gains will be orthodox and minimal.

AUTO-COMPANY spokesmen, who in previous years have allowed Reuther to monopolize the headlines with his pre-bargaining rhetoric, have this year matched him invective for invective, contrived statistic for contrived statistic. No matter how complicated a Reuther proposal may have been, it has invariably been answered within hours so that the UAW president should never have the headlines to himself. Old-timers on the Detroit scene say they have never seen such wild preliminaries since the 1930's, when the union was in the throes of organization and the companies still entertained serious hopes that they could blow it away with words.

When times are booming, management has its eye on rising sales and will settle quickly to prevent any break in production. When times are tough, high production isn't needed and management stiffens.

This year in Detroit times are tough, and Reuther may well be facing one of the hardest fights of his career. The business recession took a particularly heavy toll of auto sales. Last fall when new models were introduced, company executives confidently talked of a six-million-car sales year for 1958. Now anyone mentioning even a 5.3-million year is considered a star gazer. Although production fell about thirty per cent behind in the first quarter, inventories continued to build up until in March they seemed in danger of passing the 900,000 mark. (The record high was 903,789 on March 1, 1956.)

More important to Reuther, one out of every seven of his auto workers at the Big Three has been laid off. Thousands of others have been working only three or four days a week. Laid-off and part-time workers don't make militant strikers, and the company negotiators know it.

To counteract this weakness, the UAW is trying, by means of a weekly five-dollar assessment on each of its 1.3 million members, to build its strike-relief fund from $24 million to $50 million. The union hopes it will be able to give a striker's family up to $22 a week for the first seven weeks of a strike and $30 a week thereafter until the strike ends. While this amount would be helpful, a worker would need to have some savings of his own in addition in order to live on it—and short work weeks and layoffs have already eaten into bank accounts.

The union estimates that a seven-week strike of 350,000 members at General Motors would cost it more than $41 million. An eleven-week strike there would cost a prohibitive $80 million. An eleven-week strike at Ford would cost $32 million, well within the relief budget. Early indications, are, however, that a settlement will be reached before a drastic walkout is necessary.

The auto executives wish business conditions were otherwise, but none of them will deny that the downturn deals them strong cards. Even if there were a spring upturn in auto sales, the present bulging inventories, more than enough for two months' sales, would see the companies through as long a strike as the UAW could probably afford.

A substantial upturn in sales during negotiations, or even indications of such an upturn, would help the union by making the automakers eager to get cars on the market. But some economists doubt that a spring buying spree would reach automobiles anyway—there is apparently some price resistance among consumers, and also food prices may rise considerably because of the winter freezes down South. Food has a prior call on the family budget over durable goods even in present-day America.

The Divide-and-Rule Technique

All this means that the auto managements are well entrenched to oppose Reuther's demands head-on. But can they resist his strategy? His skill at playing the companies off against each other has served him well in the past.

In 1953 General Motors gave in to his demand for a wage reopener and forced Ford to go along. In 1955 Ford gave in first to the demand for supplemental unemployment benefits (SUB) and forced General Motors to go along.

This year Reuther's maneuvering might begin with General Motors. Most of the UAW's early barbs flew at G.M. profits, since they are the largest. And since G.M.'s sales volume hasn't fallen as drastically as its competitors', it might be the most eager to keep production rolling.

Reuther could sound out G.M. to get its best offer. Then he could switch to the Ford sessions and try to force a higher settlement. This seems a logical move because strikes cost the UAW less at Ford. Rather than watch G.M. surge ahead with production, Ford would probably capitulate before a strike. The pat-

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tern would be set, and G.M. and Chrysler would have to follow suit.

Chrysler would not seem a likely target because it is still in the process of rebuilding its position after slipping badly in 1953-1954. A long strike there might be fatal. Despite charges to the contrary, Reuther does not want to drive any auto company out of business.

MANAGEMENT'S obvious counterstroke to these tactics would seem to be a policy of industry-wide bargaining. If all the manufacturers faced Reuther across one table, when one was struck all would be struck. The cost to the union of such a strike would reach a colossal $134 million in eleven weeks.

In 1955, after Ford was divided from the pack and forced to settle, Henry Ford II advocated such a move. George Romney, the outspoken president of American Motors, suggested the idea again this year. The stumbling block has been G.M. There is a fear that such a massing of forces of industry and labor about one bargaining table would bring in a third party—the government—to protect the interests of the rest of the country.

Furthermore, Reuther knows how to appeal so beguilingly to the companies' competitive instincts that scoring over a competitor by settling with the union and keeping production going has seemed more attractive than resisting en bloc.

This year the unanimity of the companies' public outbursts against the union before formal bargaining began has given rise to speculation that some sort of mutual defense plans may have been laid. It is unlikely, however, that they extend beyond the possibility of exchanging information on such items as how much has been offered.

Tide and Tactics

The declining economy has forced Reuther to make some hasty adjustments in his bargaining demands. The 1957 union convention passed a resolution making the short work week the major goal for 1958. This called for keeping the pay level at forty hours but reducing the week to something like thirty-five hours. The aim was to give more leisure time and to spread jobs among more people to offset the effects of automation that unionists fear are imminent.

When the 1958 models met with buyer resistance, however, short work weeks of a different sort hit the auto workers. Word began to filter

through to the international officers that it was becoming hard to sell local members on shorter hours as a bargaining demand. One local in Detroit indicated the trend when it voted down its officers' attempts to force the company to end overtime until twenty-five workers who had been laid off were rehired.

The short work week is more a change in working conditions than straight monetary gain, and issues involving working conditions seem more important to automobile workers than purely economic issues. Also they rankle management more because it is felt that they slice away at necessary executive prerogatives. Thus failure to win a change in working conditions, even though it resulted from lack of enthusiasm among the rank and file, would put union leaders in a worse light than failure to win as much money as was originally asked.

Then, too, the growing concern about our lag behind the Soviet Union militated against any popular support for a shorter work week. Harder work became the battle cry, and anyone seeking fewer hours was not likely to get much support from the general public.

AS A RESULT of all this, Reuther put his research staff, headed by the capable Nat Weinberg, to work and announced on January 13 that he had switched to a two-pronged set of demands. The first prong he called his basic minimum demands. These were for a wage increase based on the union's estimates of the auto companies' gains in productivity. (Just what the productivity gains amount to will be the subject of a hot dispute.) Also, he called for extensions of fringe benefits, including a broader coverage of SUB. In all, a routine request.

Reuther's second prong was his profit-sharing proposal. In brief, he advocated setting up a bonus plan for the workers similar to what the auto companies use to provide incentives for executives. The plan allows for an amount equal to ten per cent of the net capital (stockholders' equity plus long-term debt) to be subtracted from profits before taxes. This is for company use. Of the remainder, half would go to the company, a fourth to all nonexecutive employees, including hourly workers, and a fourth to be a price rebate to the consumer.

On the basis of General Motors' 1957 financial statement, under this proposal each employee in the United States and Canada would have received a $592 bonus—29.6 cents an hour in a 2,000-hour work year. Buyers of G.M. cars and trucks would have received $92 per vehicle. Ford's U.S. workers would have received about $500 and its customers $46; Chrysler workers $323 and its customers $38.

The rebate scheme was put forth only as a suggested way to stimulate auto sales and was not a formal demand. Its appeal to public opinion was also seen as an asset to the union. Auto executives objected tha:

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it would tend to make everyone want a General Motors car because the rebates would be higher. It would also accentuate any boom year because more customers would flock to buy when the promised rebate showed signs of increasing. Boom-year 1955 demonstrated that good years steal sales from subsequent years.

Businessmen outside the auto industry winced at the thought of such a scheme catching on. They could picture the chaos in the market if every company began promising rebates.

The Expendable 'Horror'

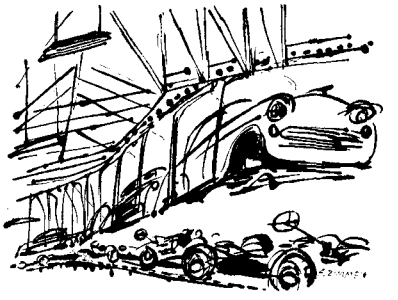
At the special convention that met in Detroit last January to act on the 1958 bargaining proposals, many union members regarded the profit-sharing plan as a bargaining device to be traded for other demands. It was designed to appear so horrifying to management that the minimum economic demands would be granted almost happily.

If that was its purpose, it certainly seems to be succeeding. Management reacted violently to this thrust into the sacred realm of profits. Denunciations flew fast and frantic: with a union's hand in profits, it would be a short step to demanding a direct say in management decisions. Management's flexibility would be lost. A sudden adjustment to market conditions—such as the crash program to build a small car that Ford is reported to be well into—would have to be subjected to union approval. The decision, if it was ever reached, would be slowed and the secret released to competition. So went the arguments against.

The paradoxical effect of all this reaction may be to make a settlement easier in 1958, provided that Reuther intends to use profit sharing as an expendable bargaining point. The results would be an orthodox wage and fringe-benefit settlement.

SUB may be broadened to extend the benefit period and to include pay for workers forced to put in less than forty hours a week. Some sort of wage increase will surely be won. G.M. President Harlow H. Curtice has already offered to extend the present contract for two years. That offer includes a six-cent-an-hour annual improvement increase (auto workers' wages average about $2.50 an hour), plus a cost-of-living factor if prices continue to rise. This may be considered the first and minimum offer from management.

The auto firms might also rally to give Reuther some help in his efforts to pacify the dissatisfied



skilled workers within his union. This group, numbering about 250,000, has charged that the UAW's preoccupation with raising wages of production workers has virtually wiped out the wage advantage they should enjoy because of their acquired skills and their investment of approximately $1,500 in tools. Skilled men in Big Three plants further claim that they make less than their brothers in job shops ($2.87 against $3.48 an hour). Throughout the industry, standards of what constitutes a skilled man are awry, it is charged.

Hard feelings over the 1955 settlement led to an outbreak of wildcat protest strikes by the skilled workers. A rebellious group called the Society of Skilled Trades was formed and its membership leaped to an estimated 50,000. It has since diminished to about 5,000, but the society is still active and plans to challenge the UAW with National Labor Relations Board elections in a number of plants during the current negotiating sessions.

In 1957 Reuther made a number of concessions to the skilled men, chief among them the right to have a representative at the bargaining sessions and to vote on the provisions in the contract affecting them. In theory they can also call their own strike. A major bargaining demand this year is the elimination of the numerous inequities the skilled workers claim exist in wages. All in all, Reuther might leap at any help the companies could give him to relieve this thorny intra-union problem.

The bargaining sessions could bog down when it comes to determining for how long the new contract should run. Reuther wants a short contract so he can come back again in a year when the economic atmosphere might be more pleasant. The companies like long contracts to relieve them of the uncertain effects of negotiations on business and to leave them free to go about planning and building cars.

Luke Miel's 'Renaissance'

The UAW demand for profit sharing is not really radical. The principle is rapidly gaining acceptance among smaller companies. The number of firms with such plans has grown from 750 in 1938 to an estimated 20,000 today. The first firm to put a profit-sharing plan into operation was Procter & Gamble in 1886. Sears, Roebuck started one in 1916, which today covers 130,000 of its 190,000 employees, according to the Council of Profit Sharing Industries. Bell & Howell and Motorola, Inc., are two other relatively large firms using variations of the many types of plans.

In Detroit two firms organized by the UAW have them in effect. One, Commercial Steel Treating Corporation, has covered its 280 employees since 1944 with a profit-sharing trust for retirement and since 1947 with a cash profit-sharing plan designed to have the same effect as the Reuther proposal.

Luke Miel, the president of Commercial Steel Treating, is an enthusiastic supporter of profit sharing. "If the auto companies would become statesmen and accept some form of profit sharing, it would be a renaissance in labor relations," he told me. Blaine Marrin, president of UAW Local 157, to which Miel's employees belong, isn't so enthusiastic. The plan as set up carefully protects management's right to make decisions, and Marrin would like a little more say in how things are done. "I hope to bargain for equal participation with the company to determine the method of sharing," he said.

Miel said he encountered strong union opposition at first, but has at

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last won acceptance of the principle. There is always the push to have more say in how it's run, he acknowledged. He doesn't hold out much hope for the auto companies' entering the "renaissance" this year, but he considers the mere fact that a union suggested it a major step forward for the profit-sharing movement. "I've been flooded with requests to speak to businessmen's clubs ever since the Reuther proposal," he said.

Unions, and the UAW in particular, have traditionally opposed profit sharing as a device of management to boost worker output through developing a feeling of responsibility. It was regarded as a cunning scheme to wean workers away from unions. One local leader who opposed the switch in bargaining demands put it this way: "First thing you know, guys at Ford will be pitching a brother over the fence because he drives a Chevvy."

Miel claims he has sacrificed no managerial prerogatives in setting up his plan. He feels that the exact terms of the Reuther proposal are unimportant. They are subject to bargaining and the final terms might be highly acceptable to management. Indeed, pointing to the fact that productivity in his plant soared when he introduced his cash-sharing plan, he believes that such a plan is exactly what Chrysler needs in its current struggle with the UAW to bring its manufacturing costs into line with those of G.M. and Ford.

CHRYSLER has been fighting a running battle with the UAW for more than a year over work standards. The firm claims it takes more man-hours to turn out a car in its plants than it does in one of its competitors'—one source estimates the time difference ranges between seven and fourteen man-hours. Union officials say that the firm's older plant facilities are the reason for this. At any rate, at the beginning of the 1957 model year and again when the 1958 models went into production, Chrysler adjusted work standards to cut costs.

The union called it a "speed-up" and countered with what the company termed a "slowdown." Workers were being sent home after only three hours' work because some departments were not finishing enough parts to keep the assembly lines supplied. Chrysler President L. L. Colbert and Reuther finally agreed to resolve the dispute by having company and union engineers collaborate to determine work speeds.

This difficulty will probably plague UAW-Chrysler relations for some time. General Motors fought a similar battle in the late 1930's and Ford in the late 1940's before compromises were reached.

THE PROFIT-SHARING SOLUTION will probably never be applied. There are serious doubts that it will ever have the same effect in companies employing masses of workers that it has had in smaller firms. Furthermore, big corporations don't lend themselves to imaginative or revolutionary thinking in such matters. So much depends on each decision and so many persons have a hand in it that making a revolutionary move becomes difficult.

In the auto industry there is an added element that makes for a type of paralysis. That is Reuther. He is regarded with a dislike bordering on hatred by many industry executives. There doesn't seem to be any hope for a future of pleasant compromise while he is president of the UAW.

Such an attitude tends to freeze management's thinking and hobbles its ability to maneuver out of a constantly defensive position by advancing original ideas and selling them. This impotence may be the strongest factor in Reuther's favor as he goes into negotiations with all the forces of the business decline lined against him. Businessmen and consumers across the country are watching. His success or failure will directly affect them all, and sooner than they realize.

Detroit's Dilemma: The Price of Proliferation

RUBY TURNER NORRIS

LET ME be quite clear at the outset: I like my car. It is powerful and it is spacious. Visibility is excellent. It is several years old and a member of the "low-priced three." But the elongated, high-priced automobiles of this year's vintage strike me as monuments of bad taste, ostentation, and wastefulness. It seems that we have no way of inducing our brilliantly effective producers to give us lower prices, to spare our resources and our precious engineering talents.

Although there has recently been a good deal of price competition among automobile dealers, the manufacturers have tended to maintain high and essentially parallel prices among rival makes and models. This does not mean that there is a monopolistic conspiracy in the highly concentrated automobile industry. To a certain degree, it's only common sense.

If Ford, for example, dropped its prices, Chrysler and General Motors would inevitably follow suit. In that event the extent to which Ford might gain in volume what it lost in individual prices would be somewhat problematical. Since profits at high and even increasing prices have been substantial in recent years, it is not difficult to see why no manufacturer has been tempted to rock the boat. Thus without any illegal collusion whatsoever, manufacturers' prices have remained high and basically noncompetitive.

The Camel's Back

In the same way the automobile industry administers its prices, it also administers its products. This second practice alarms me even more than the first. For the ways in which the industry is administering its products not only make for higher prices but also result in a huge wastage of our national resources.

Automobiles are getting fancier

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and fancier, costlier and costlier, higher and higher priced. Every year there are alterations in design and equipment. Some of the changes, such as backup or directional signal lights, may save lives. Others are trivial and inconsequential. Some cater to comfort and convenience; some involve merely stylistic alterations, making the automobile resemble an airplane, a bullet—who knows what next? Some are offered—at least at first—as optional equipment. Others move at once into the nonoptional category. Thus we see few 1958 cars in which two headlights have not been replaced by four.

The decision about when to include a new embellishment in the package is one to which industrial engineers give a good deal of attention. Pleasing individual buyers by offering optional equipment may permit a producer to pick up sales, but costs are lower whenever mass production can be maintained by incorporating a new feature as nonoptional equipment. The inherent tyranny of mass production over minority preferences is very apparent here, for catering to minorities inevitably runs up the cost of production for the majority.

Look at it from the point of view of a manufacturer. Fancier cars do provide superior service in some of their features, and people are not likely to refuse to buy because of the inclusion of one more gadget. It might increase the cost by as little as ten dollars to make four headlights standard equipment. If the car is already selling for more than $3,000, buyers will hardly notice the difference. But year after year, gadget after gadget, the prices go on rising, and the cumulative effect of all these added embellishments and refinements has been to put the product in a price range that today is making many potential buyers hesitate.

ALTHOUGH the lowest-priced Ramblers and Studebakers (list-priced at less than $1,800) are modest by today's standards, there is a dearth of stripped models in the American market. The big sellers in recent years have been the top-priced lines of the so-called "low-priced three"—the Chevrolet Bel Air, the Ford Fairlane 500, and the Plymouth Belvedere—all located at a manufacturer's list price of more than $2,500. It is apparent that the majority of American buyers do not want an entirely stripped model. They want some comforts—at least the heater and defroster, ash trays, lighter, radio, and, more recently, automatic transmission.

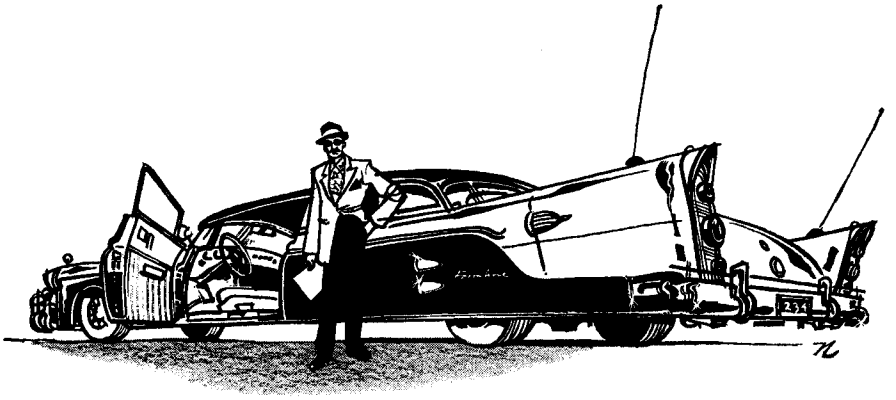
Let us say that the Big Three did put out a really stripped model. As in the case of prices, if one did, the others would almost certainly follow suit. Each would be compelled, in dividing up the already limited market, to fix its prices in such a way as to compensate for the higher costs of small-scale production. As a result, the price might not be much below that of their present lowest-priced models—around $2,100. Certainly the introduction of a new stripped model would have a serious effect on the resale value of their own dealers' used-car inventories. Obviously, for the maintenance of volume in the standard lines and for the retention of the economies of mass production in the big sellers, it is wiser *not* to offer any revolutionary new stripped models. A product war is just about as likely as a price war in normal times.

It remains to be seen how Detroit will react to its present crisis, to the recession, and to the growing popularity of small European cars. The inexpensive Volkswagen is running almost half a year behind in deliveries. Its attractiveness involves not only its low price ($1,545) but also its low gas consumption. Another small car, the Rambler, is unique among American makes in that it is showing vigorous gains in sales. Perhaps we can take heart from the report that the big firms, impressed by the increasing volume of sales at the bottom of the price ladder, are planning to put out their own small cars.

Fewer Firms, More Models

Over the past few decades there has been a high mortality rate among firms in the automobile industry. Oddly enough, however, the number of models seems to be growing.

The market for cars both above and below the best-selling price ranges is thin. But there is no scarcity of models selling in the $3,000 to $4,000 class: top lines of the low-priced three, the DeSotos, the Pontiacs, the Mercurys, the Chryslers, and so on. Dodge has emphasized in its advertising that one of its models is less expensive than some fifty different models of the low-priced three.



People in the upper-income groups are willing to pay for distinctiveness, luxury, and elegance. They even value expensiveness for its own sake. Above the price range of the best sellers, a buyer may be sure that he is paying a very high toll indeed for the extra refinements. In this price range the manufacturers are usually handsomely compensated for going to the trouble and extra expense of small-scale production. This being so, they are quite willing to cater to various consumers' tastes by covering the de luxe field many layers deep with overlapping models.

What Price a Buickmobile?

In 1957 three of the General Motors lines—Pontiac, Buick, and Oldsmobile—all produced between three and four hundred thousand cars and all offered list prices within two hundred dollars of each other.

What would happen if General

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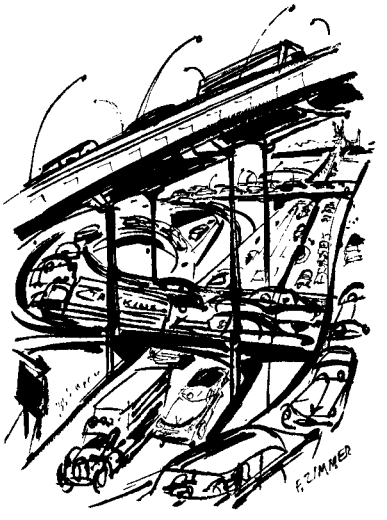
Motors should consolidate the production of these lines—or even two of them, say Buick and Oldsmobile? One can imagine the horror of Buick devotees (to say nothing of Buick employees). Any sudden move in the direction of product integration would certainly prove disruptive. It would not only jeopardize the millions of dollars that factories and dealers have invested in particular models; it might also disturb the patterns of loyalty to particular models that are so carefully nurtured.

Actually, however, the public has no instinctive mental image of a Buick. The car is what General Motors decrees it to be. The same goes for the Oldsmobile. There is no reason why these vehicles could not be made to "approach" each other slowly. They have more features in common now than is generally appreciated. There is considerable use of identical parts, not only among models put out by individual companies, but also among the various makes. Some seemingly quite dissimilar automobiles are even assembled in the same plants. What price the Buick name? Could not both confirmed Buick and Oldsmobile buyers settle for a "Buickmobile" if the change were gradual and if the price of the new car could be reduced by several hundred dollars? Would not the volume of production, and therefore of employment, actually be greater for the consolidated, lower-priced model than it is now for the two overlapping, higher-priced vehicles?

FUNDAMENTAL questions need to be asked—questions about the extent of plant utilization, the cost of proliferation. Is it wise to have expensive dies capable, according to the automobile industry's own estimate, of putting out twice as many cars as are normally produced lying idle half of the time? The cost of such underutilization must be tremendous. As long as a particular model yields a profit, the wastes and costs of underutilized facilities, idle dies, and high overhead costs per unit are hidden. But it seems fairly obvious that we have more variety today than we either need or can afford.

There is a rumor that next year several makes will be "all new." What a depressing prospect! Rarely does the yearly harvest of new ideas contain improvements important enough to justify the high costs of redesigning and retooling. According to the *Wall Street Journal,* the 1957 Ford model change cost $246 million, while output totaled approximately 1,500,000. Thus the cost per car sold attributable to the model change alone (allowing some leeway for permanent engineering features) ran well over $100.

I submit that car buyers have no deeply felt longing for a new-style car each year. Buyers have been taught to expect model changes by the industry itself, through advertising and promotional campaigns. During the 1920's, model alterations were fairly infrequent. In other countries, it is not thought necessary to throw out millions of dollars in valuable dies every year. But in this country the frequency of style changes has been increasing. Three-year style freezes have been superseded by two-year cycles, which in turn seem about to be replaced by annual model changes. Face lifting is not enough. The emphasis on fundamental restyling has become



nothing short of vicious. One bad style guess by one of the smaller companies, and they may be through. Even the big firms are increasingly hard pressed.

Paradoxically, some buyers who are highly conscious of fashion and design might actually welcome less frequent changes. Part of Packard's appeal used to be that it remained relatively unchanged, and therefore did not become quickly outmoded. Many people, too, prefer a car that is "seasoned" to one that is hot off the designing table. In any really new automobile, there are almost certain to be some "bugs" that take time to eliminate.

But under present conditions each firm hesitates to initiate a style freeze—and there is much to these fears. Ford made only superficial changes for 1956, and the firm's spokesmen attribute to this fact a loss of sales to Chevrolet of something like 200,000 cars.

Enforcing the Speed Limit

It is not easy to reverse habits that have grown up over several decades. It can be done, but not overnight or without dislocations. It seems to me, however, that the effort is eminently worth making.

During recent hearings of the Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, various innovations in policy were discussed. Walter Reuther brought up the UAW profit-sharing plan and also suggested that the automobile industry be considered as a sort of public utility in that when price increases are contemplated, firms would be required to come before some government agency and there defend their action.

George Romney, president of the American Motors Corporation, urged that the big automobile companies—and the big automobile union as well—be broken up. Of course this suggestion poses a number of formidable problems. The politically powerful candidates for disintegration would certainly fight the move tooth and nail. And even if the program could be carried out, many of the economies of large-scale production might well be lost in the process. But such a policy might also rid us of some of the less obvious diseconomies imposed by large-scale operations and some of the excessive political power inherent in great size.

MANY OTHER solutions have been suggested, all of them with their own disadvantages. At one pole we have the optimists who think that competition, even in the most highly concentrated industries, is suffi-

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ciently "workable." At the other there is the possibility of nationalization with all the inefficiencies of bureaucratic gigantism. In between, there is public-utility regulation, which works with variable effectiveness, depending upon the honesty and vigor of the sometimes only too-human commissioners.

The British, since 1948, have devised an interesting solution. If the Board of Trade suspects abuses that restrict competition in a particular industry, it can call the matter to the attention of a Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission, which sets up a panel of its members to make an intensive investigation. Companies are free to merge—they are judged only by their performance. If they make ten per cent or less on invested capital (or even more in certain risky industries), produce a good and improving product, match cost-reducing innovations with price decreases, refrain from excessively costly advertising, and operate in the public interest, the Commission gives them a clean bill of health.

Since 1948 the Monopolies Commission has undertaken some twenty-one industry investigations. Many producers, even highly monopolistic ones, have been found totally blameless. Others have complied with the recommendations of the Commission. In one industry obdurate producers refused to co-operate and thus became subject to a Parliamentary "Order in Council" outlawing abuses.

We might do well to give at least some thought to this British approach.

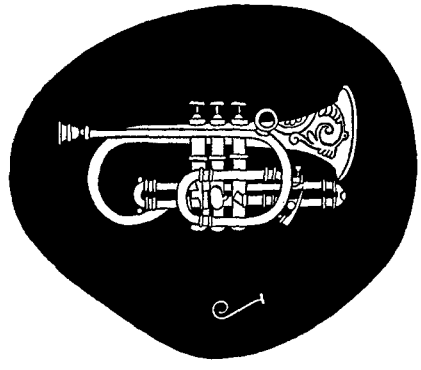
THERE IS, of course, no easy panacea for the present trends of price and product administration in the automobile industry. Probably no firm could unilaterally revert to the trade practices of an earlier era. But maybe all of them together could do it. Last year, at meetings of their trade association, they agreed to deemphasize horsepower and speed in their promotional campaigns. Why not go further? Why not meet and conspire in the public interest to simplify and integrate products, change them less frequently, and pass the resultant savings on to the consumers in the form of lower prices?

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Innocent Nihilists Adrift in Squaresville

EUGENE BURDICK

THE "BEAT GENERATION" is really a private vision. The "originals"—Jack Kerouac (*On the Road*), John Clellon Holmes ("Go!"), and Allen Ginsberg ("Howl")—dreamed of a ". . . generation of crazy illuminated hipsters suddenly rising and roaming America, serious, curious, bumming and hitchhiking everywhere, ragged, beatific, beautiful in an ugly graceful new way . . . *beat,* meaning down and out but full of intense conviction." The "beat" man was in a muted, low-pitched, inarticulate revolution, but disenchanted enough to know that political action was not the way out. The trick was to stay free; stay poor; stay hallucinated; dig Ezra Pound, but not loudly or



pretentiously; dig friends, but, man, really dig them deep and true; with strangers use the implacable cruel language of the hipster and you're safe; and, above all, keep "them" away from you, keep that big, safe, fat, efficient, cold world away from you.

LATELY the vision has been invaded, mauled, overstudied, imitated. The ring of bemused spectators has pressed in close with the inevitable result: the vision has suffocated. Some of the originals, like Kerouac, want out. Others show all the signs of a "school" that is mature and exhausted at the same time. There is an irritable examination of credentials and a petulant search for real signs of the "beat" and the "hipster." There is a census taking, a weighing of strength, a not too delicate jostling for the position of "master." And, already so soon, there are articles about the "originals," by other "originals."

The hipsters are following the ancient rule of revolutionary groups: when the chance for popular influence is high, internal difficulties can be handled; when the chance grows thin, the originals turn inward upon one another and look for signs of purity and worthiness. And they are usually ready to rend and tear in the name of that purity. Before the rending starts, it might be helpful to take a look at what the whole thing was and what it meant.

The Hipster Malgré Lui

The number of real hipsters, the boys who really hit the road and bummed from Denver to New York and back to San Francisco, the real pros of the movement, was always small. But the movement was large, swollen by onlookers, people who secretly had jobs and "cared" about family and money and position, but liked to slouch into "the place," the Co-Existence Bagel Shop and a half-dozen other places in San Francisco where wine and beer and improvised jazz are served up.

Most of these people are not hipsters; they are fellow travelers. The Communist Party used to attract a thick fringe of people who were excited by the vision of violence and apocalypse but were utterly sure in their private minds that it would not

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occur in their time. With the hipsters it is the same. There is a crowding around of people who are merely curious, who want to see the vision but not be in it, who have a contempt for Squaresville but live there, who dig jazz but don't live it. The real hipster "lives it"; he cuts loose from all the square's restraints and chews into the present, burns with enthusiasm, has a precious sponge-like quality of soaking up experiences and a disbelief that they can ever be squeezed out into sensible drops. In short, the hipster is committed, gone, burning. And with all those curious eyes watching, appraising, and calculating, some of the enthusiasm goes out of the thing. In the end, the fellow travelers have almost suffocated the hipsters.

Norman Mailer believes otherwise. He argues that when the Bohemian and the juvenile delinquent came face to face with the Negro, the "hipster was a fact in American life." Facing a bleak, cruel, faceless, paranoid world, the Negro clawed out a way of life. It is the way of Saturday-night kicks, sexual excess, sly language, defiance of authority, and an embrace of the present and the physical. In fact, Mailer argues, to be a hipster is merely to be a white Negro. And although he estimates there are only a hundred thousand real practicing hipsters, he believes there are millions of Americans who are hipsters and just don't know it.

San Francisco is the home of the "beats." Of this there is no doubt. Partly this is because of the natural beauty, the bridge-arched foggy eeriness of the place, the salt air and the freedom of a port town. Partly it is because of the lack of racial prejudice, the existence of a floating Bohemia around North Beach, and the fact that the place is tolerant of writers and artists.

One does not "join" the hipsters. One is hip or one is square. "We're no action group, man," a hipster told me. "Not like your ole Commies in the thirties. Work, read, train, believe . . . and then, man, they broke your back. I stay cool, far out, alone. When I flip it's over something I feel, me, only me. Not that big ole group out there who want you to be buck private, bellboy, neat college boy, Brooks, MG-driving, sick and money-hungry. Me, I get my kicks where I can. *They* . . . I don't care what they do. O.K.?"

The formal writers of the beat generation are more articulate about "them." These are people like Lawrence Ferlinghetti, James Broughton, Kenneth Rexroth, Brother Antoninus, O.P. (William Everson, who is a lay brother in a Dominican friary), and, of course, Kerouac and Ginsberg.

Of these the poet Kenneth Rexroth, no longer a youngster, is the most articulate and outspoken. He has a mustache, a sad bulldog face, sloping eye sockets, and an unerring taste for the waspish, extreme, and offensive statement. According to Rexroth, to be hip is to be "disaffiliated," to have a real contempt for the soft sweet embrace of the

adult world (which has killing, senseless muscles underneath its fat). The hipster is also pacifist, and many of them are conscientious objectors and anarchists. But it is pacifism and anarchism with a difference. It is the left-wing, free-love, distrust-of-bourgeois-society, hatred-of-rational-standards type of thing rather than the orderly pacifism of the Quakers or the anarchism of Kropotkin. To be hip is also to be anti-commercial, and Rexroth once wrote: "Who killed Cock Robin/You did it in your god damned Brooks Brothers Suit." It is also to be anti-intellectual and anti-culture; Rexroth's contempt for "university poets" and the "Ivy League fog factory" is boundless. He was outraged by the *favorable* reviews that "Howl" got—the proof of the squareness of the conventional reviewers was their enthusiasm when, as Rexroth made plain, none of them really understood it.

Norman Mailer tells a story illustrating the contempt the hipster has for the phoniness of the trained intellectual. It happened at a party where a Negro who could literally neither read nor write was listening to an intellectual college girl carry on an involved conversation. Each time the girl had made one of her neatly articulated and rounded points, the Negro would cut in with an English-accented voice.

"Other-direction . . . do you really believe in that?"

"Well . . . no," the girl would stammer, "now that you get to it, there is something disgusting about it to me."

Rexroth himself often misses much of the spirit of the hipsters. He alternates between a vulgar delight in shock and the rigid petulance of the conforming eccentric. But one part of the beat mentality he has caught perfectly: this is the sense of war between the young and their parents. He asks: "Don't you know that across the table from you . . . [is a child] who looks on you as an enemy who is planning to kill him in the immediate future in an extremely disagreeable way?"

The battle between generations has always existed. What makes the hipster different is that he knows the battle is hopeless, that he is bound to lose, and that by fighting he merely exhausts himself and gives the squares comfort. This is what the calm, icy imperturbability of juvenile delinquents means when they put their faces under the bright lights for a police line-up. They don't get hysterical and shout or try to explain. Why explain that their marijuana "tea parties" and kicks in a stolen car and sexual indulgences are little things compared to the barely controlled violence of adults who allowed a world war, a cold war, and Korea? They see the adult world as senseless, hypocritical, violent, and essentially beyond re-

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demption. You don't try to convert the square world, you don't enter into that sick rationality, you just ignore "them." Parents who have seen that opaque nonlistening look go over the faces of their teen-age children are being exposed to the most shared sentiment of the beat generation.

Hate the Sinner, Love His Sin

The sophisticated hipster will not listen to psychiatric explanations of his behavior nor will he respond to pleas that he "do something constructive." "Like Junior League-ing or settlement work?" he asks sardonically. "Not this cat, man." He sees the trap and wants none of it.

The intellectuals of the hipsters are opposed to crime and violence, but they dig it. They know what it means. John Clellon Holmes has written: "It seems incredible that no one has realized that the only way to make the shocking juvenile murders coherent at all is to understand that they are specifically moral crimes."

All the social-worker talk about broken homes and Freudian family stress is nonsense. A crime expresses the ". . . longing to do or feel something meaningful." At any rate, the apparent senselessness of much contemporary crime, the surface callousness of reaction, the number of violent acts that start nowhere and lead nowhere would certainly seem to call for another explanation than society usually gives them.

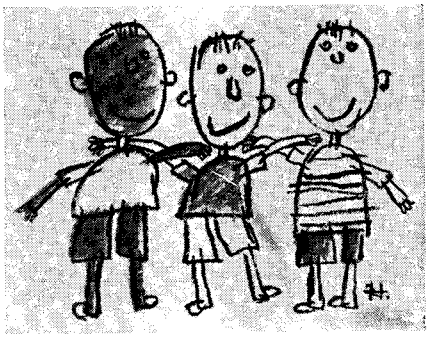
"Now take that cool cat from Nebraska, that Starkweather kid," a twenty-eight-year-old hipster told me. "Now he finally got with it. For years he reads his comic books and leaves squares alone, but they keep pushing him. So he flips, really flips, and plugs eleven of 'em and they all ask him why and he just grins. Now that cat I dig."

Recently I saw six youths who had been brought to a police station for interrogation concerning school vandalism in which they had hacked desks, thrown ink, spilled paint, slashed books. Their short grunted answers, their disdain, their secret laughter, their sense of the absurdity and squareness of it all was like the awkward poetry that one hears late at night among the hipsters at a jazz joint.

Jazz is a special part of the whole thing. The "originals" have taken to reading poetry to jazz, and Rexroth and Kenneth Patchen have done it in an interesting manner. They even believe, somewhat extravagantly, that they have discovered a new art form and spin out an elaborate theory of why the two forms should go together. But this is not what jazz means to the larger body of hipsters. For them jazz is a kind of central ordering discipline. Jazz has form, a kind of architectonic necessity, but it is also plastic enough to allow the individual to mold it, to express himself. Within the necessities of jazz, the essential bones of the art, a person can still express frenzy, individuality, protest, anger.

'Where We Going, Man?'

Mailer has set forth his view that jazz allows the hipster to express ". . . the infinite variations of joy, lust, languor, growl, cramp, pinch, scream and despair of his orgasm." I doubt it. Not the kind of cool, far-out, incredibly spare jazz that these people hear and play. Much more, it seems to me, jazz serves something of the same function Marxism served the disenchanted intellectual of the 1930's. It is a kind of orderly center on which each can make his own in-



terpretation. The fantastic but deeply felt "interpretations" of Marxism, the antic splinter groups, have their parallel in the views of jazz that the hipsters develop. There is the same angry quest for what "it" means, whether it is Marx's dialectic or the pattern of notes played by Charlie Parker, the short-lived alto-saxist. Even the martyrs are similar. De Leon and Trotsky and Emma Goldman were "with it," and the violence of their lives, the tempo with which they burnt, is much like that of the hipster's jazz hero.

What does the hipster want from his search, from marijuana and jazz and poetry and wanderings and violence? He wants to find himself—no less and not a great deal more. Kerouac, when interviewed by Mike Wallace, said, ". . . But I do know we are empty phantoms . . . And yet, all is well." "All is well?" Wallace asked. "Yeah," Kerouac responded. "We're all in heaven, now, really."

And what does one do in heaven? One searches for the bright and glowing experience, the knowledge of inner self. One fights against "getting hung up"—on family obligations or silly political creeds or Squaresville. One hungers for experience; jazz and marijuana and sex are ways of getting it. And so is the blind expenditure of energy, the willingness to live fast and hard and to know what the rewards and punishments are—and still to burn away at it. The best parts of *On the Road*, the only parts that really have any literary or social merit, are the scenes of wild rushing automobile rides across America. The mountains, the deserts, the rivers, the fat fields keep bursting on the eyeballs of the occupants of the battered car, and just that freshness and shock are sufficient reason for making the drive. "Where we going, man?" "I don't know, but we gotta go."

And yet, in the end, a good deal of sensitive perception comes down to nothing. For example, Nabokov in *Lolita* covers much the same ground that Kerouac covered and in the same way, but he reassembles it into sharp and lasting insights. Kerouac is a bad writer and often a silly one, and his good reviews are only a reflection of the faint hearts of critics. He is like a sensitive eyeball that sweeps and perceives but is not connected to a brain.

Back to Squaresville

Only a few of the hipsters can live a life that is completely and consistently "beat." These are the writers or students or the few who have an inherited income. Or the few who work the hipster bookstores and bars. These few tend to live in cheap sections of San Francisco and New York and Denver and to migrate constantly from one city to another. They work hard at poetry, Zen Buddhism, Method acting, and

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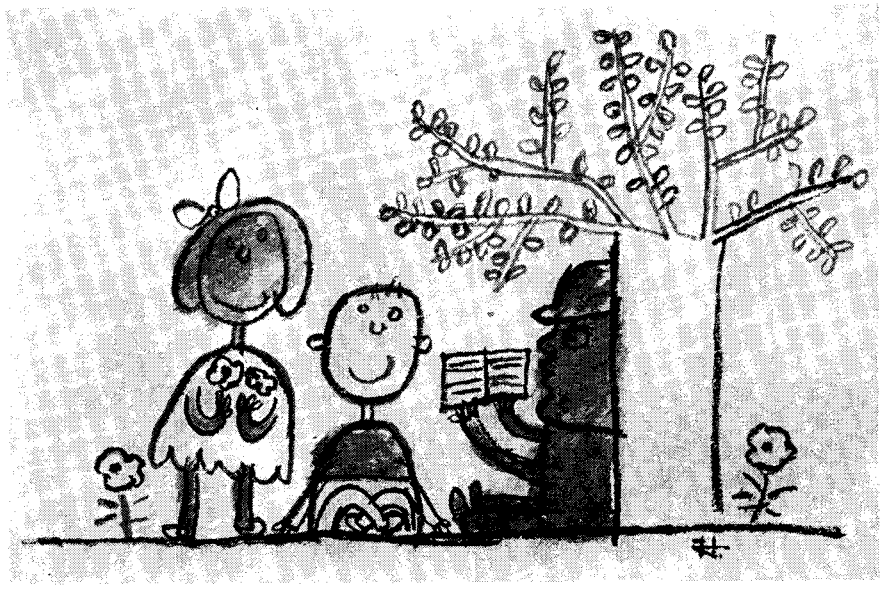
painting. They leave mimeographed pages of their poems in the bars or latrines or wherever there is a chance that sympathetic readers might chance on them.

At nighttime, however, the regulars are joined by the fellow travelers. Often there is a sprinkling of prosperous Brooks Brothers-clad junior executives and advertising men among them, men who feel strongly rebellious but are vague about the specific parts of their rebellion. There are girls with long dirty hair worn in violation of the crisp short cuts which "they" are wearing. The girls have dirty fingernails, wear toreador pants, alternate between men and women in their love affairs, but generally act masculine and direct.

The bars where they gather have a certain charm. Usually only wine and beer are sold, advertised by signs that say, "Be an Egg-Head . . . drink our adequate little Beaujolais . . . two-bits a glass." Under the sign will be a page from an ancient *Gray's Anatomy* showing a bearded man with the skin and skull peeled back to show the convolutions of the brain. Artists leave paintings on the walls with outrageously high prices affixed. Negroes are not only permitted, they are a kind of favorite. Most hipsters believe like Mailer that the Negro has natural credentials for being "beat."

Occasionally there will be an extemporaneous speechmaking session and anyone can stand up and talk about anything. There are catcalls, interruptions, satirical questions, imprecations. Around midnight there is a drifting away to cheap studios, apartments, and boarding houses where the jam sessions may be continued or one merely drinks more wine and talks. If it's a "big" night, there will be marijuana smuggled in from Mexico or home-grown in window boxes.

It doesn't take much analysis to conclude that there is something remarkably thin about all this. The verbal and philosophical lacquer under which the rebellion burns is opaque, of a hairsbreadth thickness, full of contradictions. The hipster knows this, but the rebellion is real enough. In defense he argues that the adult world has spun out elaborate theories of motivation, undertaken gigantic studies of intelligence and pedagogy, formed into huge noisy camps, overorganized everything, and, in the process, squeezed the life out of individuals. The surest reflex of the hipster is the refusal to discuss the rationality of what he believes. You're with it or you are not. You either dig what it is all about or you go back to Squaresville. He won't try and enroll you or convince you.



'You See Why, Man?'

The result is that hipster talk keeps rigorously away from politics and action. It self-consciously focuses on the tiny fragments of experience, the personal cues of experience. The following conversation, in a North Beach bar in San Francisco, is typical:

"Man, I remember something when I was little, a boy," somebody named Lee says. He is hunched forward, his elbows on the table, a tumbler of wine between his hands. "About a dog. Little miserable dog of mine."

"Yeah, man, go on," Mike says, his eyes lighting up.

"I get up real early to do my paper route. Los Angeles *Examiner*," Lee says. "Streets always empty, just a few milk trucks and bakery trucks and other kids like me. My dog goes along, see? Every day he trots along with me. Little mongrel dog."

"Yeah, yeah, go on, man," Mike says, impatient for the story, sure that it has meaning.

"There we are in all those big empty streets. Just me and the dog. Sun coming up, papers falling on the porches, me dreaming and walking and the dog trotting," Lee says. "Then far away, about as big as a black mosquito, I see this hopped-up Model A. Wonderful pipes on it, blatting so sweet I could hear them for six blocks. I stand there on the curb, listening to that sweet sound and watching that car come weaving down that empty street. And the dog stands in the gutter, watching too. That Model A gets bigger and I can see the chrome pipes on the side, the twin Strombergs sucking air, just eating up the asphalt."

He pauses and Mike leans forward and says urgently, "Now, man, come on, go. I wanna hear this."

"This Model A is a roadster and there is a Mexican driving and his girl with him," Lee says slowly, stalking the climax. "It weaves across the street, and me and the dog stare at it. And it comes for us in a big slow curve and hit that dog. His back broke in mid-air and he was dead when he hit the street again. Like a big man cracking a seed in his teeth . . . same sound, I mean. And the girl stares back at me and laughs. And I laugh. You see why, man?"

THE TWO OF THEM sit quietly, looking down at the wine and listening to the jazz. Mike glances once at Lee and then back at his glass. He has learned something secret and private about Lee, and that is good enough. After a while they sit back, smiling, and listen to the jazz.

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MOVIES:

Grushenka's Lovers

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THE ONLY sensible way to approach a film made from a gigantic work like *The Brothers Karamazov* is with good wishes and moderate hopes. Obviously, the matter of length alone prevents a film from encompassing this novel with anything like completeness. The tests one may reasonably expect such a picture to meet are: does it present an acceptable microcosm of Dostoevsky's universe, and is the presentation itself satisfactory?

On both scores the new M-G-M color production, directed by Richard Brooks and produced by Pandro S. Berman, deserves considerable praise. Brooks, who published several novels before devoting himself to film work, has written his own screenplay from an adaptation by the well-known playwrights Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. As might be foreseen, the script is principally devoted to the more easily externalized encounters and conflicts in the novel: Dmitri's love relationships, his father's debauchery, the murder, and the trial. Much of Dostoevsky's dialogue (in Constance Garnett's translation) has been retained, and within the scope of these episodes an honest and intelligent effort has been made to develop the characters in depth.

IN THE MATTER of presentation, the picture has been handsomely mounted and beautifully costumed. The interiors, particularly that of the Karamazov house, give exactly the right atmosphere of cultural frontiersmen, of a people rich in talents, avid for experience, belatedly joining the course of western culture. There is a fairly close parallel (as Edmund Wilson, among others, has pointed out) between nineteenth-century Russia and nineteenth-century America vis-à-vis western Europe. In the picture the streets of Ryevsk rightly remind us of a raw Kansas town; the cloying luxury of the Karamazov home might, in essence, be that of any Midwestern robber baron's mansion.

Beyond this, and much more important, several of the performances are fine. As the elder Karamazov, Lee J. Cobb triumphs. In recent film and television performances, Cobb has seemed to trade heavily on a kind of ostentatious honesty, a self-conscious air of abandonment of trickery which in itself is an affectation. In Karamazov, Cobb has discarded a theory about acting in order to act. He has used empathy and imagination, and the result is a valid, valuable artistic creation.

It is true, of course, that he has the best "part" in the book. Audiences always respond to an intelligent scoundrel. But it is easy for a performance of Karamazov to dissolve in a welter of bombast. Cobb gives us this gross character with subtlety: the feral cunning, the sudden fears, the surprising perceptions. It is a graphic portrait of a huge glutton, greedy for self-gratification and power and equally greedy for respect and love and salvation.

Yul Brynner, whose background includes considerable training in the French theater, shows the benefits of that training in a well-sustained and sensitive performance as the eldest son, Dmitri. One quickly forgives him his silly baldpate trademark as he shows us the schizoid torment of this man torn between his heredity and his vision, who can find a measure of peace only by accepting moral responsibility for a crime he did not commit. Brynner's face does as much to create the right ambience for the picture as any other factor; his repose and silences tell as much as his outbursts.

Claire Bloom, as Katya, delineates crisply an upper-class girl whose conventionality is not only her code but her burden and her weapon. (It is true that she offers herself to Dmitri in return for a crucial loan to her father; but she falls in love with him because he does "the decent thing.") We feel her straining at the bonds of her upbringing to reach Dmitri, and we understand the outrage of her little soul when her seeming generosity toward Grushenka is spurned.

BUT IN SPITE of all the virtues cited above, one leaves the film with a sense of disappointment. Part of this is due to the shortcomings of the script. One is prepared for some tailoring of the ending, for, in plot though not in theme, the novel is notoriously indeterminate. But Brooks has felt it necesssary to show Dmitri escaping with Grushenka and even interrupting his flight to visit the bedside of the dying boy Ilyusha, to have Ivan discover God on the witness stand and to have him snub Katya at the close. (Presumably M-G-M is punishing her for having helped to convict Dmitri.) These seem excessive concessions to popular sentimentality and theatrical neatness. Beyond this, although it is remarkable to hear any serious mention in a Hollywood film of such matters as the nature of sin, the effect of religious belief on ethics, and the shape of a national soul, these themes are treated with the breathless haste of a television adaptation. To take the love and murder elements so far out of their social and religious context is to synopsize, not to condense. One does not expect to find the whole "Russian Monk" section in the film or to hear Ivan tell the story of the Grand Inquisitor, but—to cite three examples—the skimpiness of the Father Zossima and Snegiryov episodes and the *reductio ad absurdum* of Ivan's philosophy make us conscious of surgery, not Dostoevsky.

APART FROM various defects in the script, the production makes use of blatantly symbolic lighting. Characters step out of amber into green at patly appropriate moments; beds are bathed in purple. In fact (as in the recent *A Farewell to Arms*), stagy lighting effects sometimes interfere with scenes that might otherwise be credible. One more point about the direction: there are a number of wild parties in the picture, tiresome because the handling of them is predictable. Although these scenes

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may be accurate enough, they remain clichés.

Yet even with the same script, the same lighting and editing, this film could have been much more successful if four of the leading roles had been well played. Maria Schell, in my view, is rapidly becoming the most overrated actress of our time. As Grushenka, she grins or she does not grin; there isn't a great deal more to her performance. Here, in this Slavic Carmen, the author has given us a marvelous portrait of a woman whose being is in her passions, who will live for them only, without pity for herself or anyone else: shrewd, defiant, fatalistic. Miss Schell has the color and fire of an Alpine milkmaid. Her Grushenka simply does not flame; and without an enthralling Grushenka the plot lacks a fulcrum.

Richard Basehart paws ineffectually at the exterior of Ivan, the articulate atheist; the net effect is simply of a pleasant young man pinching his eyebrows together to indicate deep thought and inner turmoil. As Alyosha, the young embodiment of Russian mystic fervor, William Shatner is a nullity; his bland face and voice contradict everything he says and does. As Smerdyakov, the Caliban in the house, Albert Salmi concentrates so thoroughly on superficial melodramatics that he evokes little true horror.

With competent performances in these four parts, we would not only be more moved, we would—in spite of the truncations—understand more of the author's underlying meanings.

After Dostoevsky's death, Tolstoy wrote: "I never saw this man and never had any direct relations with him, and suddenly, when he died, I understood that he was the closest, dearest, and most necessary man to me." It is what one feels after reading this monumental book—that the author was a redeemer in art who was born and suffered that men might be, at least to the limits of his experience, further exalted. Buried somewhere among the good and bad things in this film is a vague, fumbling hint that this might be true. But the inadequacies block the channel, and what is "most necessary" never quite reaches and rewards us.

Lost Soloists Along the Concert Trail

NAT HENTOFF

There is a general belief among many outside observers of the music field that America is in the midst of a music boom. *Time* recently devoted a cover story to its discovery that "if the explosion of painting in Renaissance Italy marked an 'awakening of the eye,' the explosion of music in post-World War II America sugggests a massive unstopping of the U.S. ear."

Less deafened by the explosion is James C. Petrillo, inexorable president of the American Federation of Musicians, who has told a Congressional committee he would not advise a youngster and potential dues payer to consider music as a profession. "It's a dying business," he added glumly. Other AFM officials do not all see quite as bleak a future as Petrillo, but they recognize the fact that, as several surveys have indicated, only slightly more than half of the 250,000 or so AFM members are "even largely supported by music" and "those who earn the major part of their livelihood from music may be said to number some 72,000."

A music boom does exist for manufacturers of recordings, phonograph equipment, and musical instruments for the hopeful amateur and the beleaguered professional, but for the majority of those who have tried for some time to make a full career of performing music "live," the reality is closer to Armageddon than to Renaissance Italy.

Most observers inside music agree with Ross Parmenter of the *Times* that parlous as the position of the ensemble musician is, "in many respects the plight of the soloist, particularly the young soloist, is even worse." Each year the conservatories and music schools graduate hundreds of musicians who hope to make a career of giving solo recitals along with occasional performances with orchestras and, if they're singers, with opera companies. Very few of even the very best of these graduates will be able to support themselves as solo artists at any stage of their careers, and if the graduate happens to be a Negro instrumentalist, his chances are even slimmer.

The singers' cage is somewhat roomier than that of the instrumentalists. Beyond the fiercely limited opera and recital opportunities, the singer can often find work in choral societies, paid choruses, and churches. But, as Parmenter has noted, "their lot is by no means easy. In New York, there is a requiem pool. Its leaders watch the death notices so members can pick up a little badly needed extra money singing at funerals."

Of the instrumentalists, solo pianists, unlike violinists or cellists, at least need not pay for accompanists; but the outlook for nearly all young beginners, regardless of instrument, is exceedingly drab no matter how many competitions they have won or how many established musical experts they have impressed.

The Big Three

All of them soon learn certain inescapable facts of contemporary concert life. The first of these is that without a management office, the classical soloist cannot function, except on a very meager semi-professional level. Although there are several independent managers, most of them operating out of New York, the bulk of power is with Columbia Artists Management, National Artists Corporation, and Sol Hurok. (Hurok, formerly affiliated with National, is now on his own.) It is estimated that these three offices control from eighty-five to ninety per cent of the concert business. Among the independents, only a few have the financial and organizational capacity to provide even a small list of carefully selected artists with a reasonable yearly schedule of bookings. For most of the four to five hundred artists who

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attempt to sustain a self-supporting career in concert appearances, the road to survival is through Columbia, National, or Hurok. Obviously, with so many candidates, only a small percentage is ever chosen for these three lists.

There are, it is true, several competitions and organizations that help the young artist. The Naumburg Foundation Award provides a Town Hall recital for the winner; there are the Leventritt Foundation, Young Audiences, the National Federation of Music Clubs, the Concert Artists Guild, and others. But these projects, all of value and certainly of spiritual encouragement to the musician, cannot substitute for the big managements in terms of solid work opportunities.

In order even to be considered by big management, most aspirants feel it is necessary to have a Town Hall or Carnegie Hall debut. (European imports, in fact, are sometimes advised by managers to count on paying for a New York recital when they arrive.) The expenses of the debut, including rental of the hall and publicity (the average for which is conservatively estimated at $1,500), are paid by the artist. Yet even if the reviews are all hosannas, there is still no guarantee that the artist will be placed on one of the three lists; indeed, it's more likely he won't be.

But even if the aspiring recitalist were placed on one of the lists, further development of his career would be far from assured. True, he would be submitted to the "organized audiences" of Community Concerts (affiliated with and actually wholly owned by Columbia) or the Civic Music Association (owned by National Artists). This organized-audience circuit provides a large part of the income for most young soloists who are on the lists of big management; in the aggregate, Community and Civic provide nearly half of the income of all concert artists on the Columbia and National rosters.

The Route to Butte

Organized-audience plans have been in operation for more than thirty years. Frederick C. Schang, president of Columbia Artists Management and chairman of the board of Community Concerts, estimates that the twelve hundred cities served by Community and Civic (Community controls some 850 of them) provide nearly five thousand annual concert opportunities.

If a sufficient number of influential citizens become convinced that a town or city would benefit from an annual series of concerts, the machinery of organization, guided by a Civic or Community representative, begins. After a subscription drive is over, the townspeople know exactly how much money they will have to engage artists for the season. In this way, there is no possibility of loss for the town—or for the management offices. No contracts are signed until the subscription drives are over.

At this point, the Community or Civic salesman shows the citizens a list of the artists they can book for their series of concerts (usually about four). The final selections depend always on time availabilities of each artist and the amount of money the town can spend. Until 1955, the Community man would show only the Columbia Artists list and the Civic representative would display only National's. In October, 1955, after the United States government had filed a complaint charging that Community and Civic had "combined and conspired in unreasonable restraint of . . . interstate trade and commerce in the management and booking of artists and in the formation and maintenance of organized audience associations," a consent decree was signed under which the Civic and Community heralds now had to show, in addition to their parent office's roster, the lists of any independent manager who wanted to submit his clients to the organized-audience wheel.

Although the letter of the consent decree has been followed, the independent managers have not found lodes of ore on the Civic or Community trails. There was considerable promotional activity by the independent managers and a fair amount of resultant bookings in the first year of freedom, but the number of artists from independent managers has again diminished and the organized audiences remain quite firmly in the paternal care of big management. The main reason for the continued predominance of big management in the organized-audience field is that the independents do not have the financial and organizational resources to set up as long a geographically integrated tour for their artists as Columbia or National can. Butte, Montana, may indeed ask a Community salesman for an artist from the list of Herbert Barrett, one of the leading independents, but if Barrett cannot book enough dates for that artist on the way to and from Butte, there is no point in the musician leaving New York for just one night in Montana. National Artists' president Luben Vichey does say that some one-third of the Civic artists are obtained from lists other than National's. Probably he's right, since National has a weaker list than Columbia. It's doubtful, however, if many artists on the much larger Community circuit are booked from lists other than Columbia's.

"It's odd," observes Herbert Barrett, one independent manager who has good relations with the big management offices, "but many of the artists I now have on my list had very active Community careers when they were with Columbia, but they don't any longer. It's understandable but not pleasurable."

THE FAVORED young soloist who *is* managed by Columbia or National and accordingly gets a preferred position on the organized audience carrousel soon learns several intriguing aspects of the business of being a concert artist. First of all, he pays for his own transportation, for his accompanist, if he needs one, and the accompanist's transportation. He also pays for his own advertising. In fact, one of the concessions the American Guild of Musical Artists has won for its members (and nonmembers who ride along free on AGMA's agreement with management) is that the management office cannot spend more than $750 on brochures and other printing expenses without the artist's consent. Some newcomers to the field are appalled that the situation is so taken for granted that the artist has no control over that initial $750 of his own money, but Frederick C. Schang speaks for management when he asks: "Who else is going to pay for the printing, if not the artists? As it is, we have to wait for months for many of them to pay their bills

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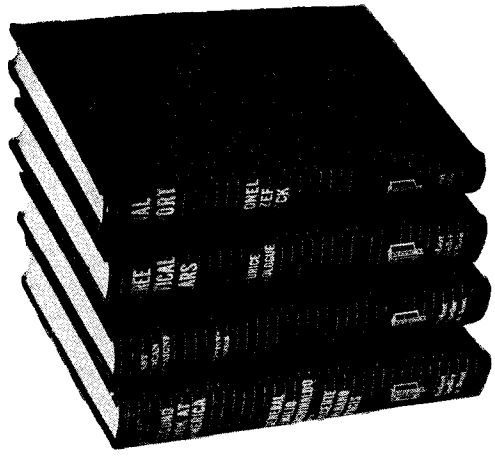
and we only get a small lousy commission. We should pay for advertising too? Who's asking them to be concert artists? Who asked me to be a concert manager? I took my chances and they have to."

The soloist on the organized-audience trail then discovers the existence of the "differential." If, for example, he is booked by a Civic town or a Community town for $400, he will receive only $250 (on which he pays fifteen per cent commission to his management). The $150 differential is paid by the town to Community or Civic. Putting this triple play another way, National Artists, for example, sells the artist to Civic and gets its fifteen per cent commission from the artist. Civic in turn sells the artist to the town and takes its "differential." The differential is used for operating costs of Community and Civic, which are purportedly nonprofit organizations.

ALTHOUGH the artist has to negotiate with management about the exact percentage of differential he will have to pay, AGMA has persuaded management to agree that the differential should never be more than forty per cent of the artist's fee and that the average differential of all the artists on a management's list cannot exceed some twenty-nine per cent. AGMA has also limited management commissions to a maximum of twenty per cent on regular concert engagements and fifteen per cent on Civic and Community engagements. AGMA has won other benefits for its members, but it could swing more weight in negotiations if more instrumentalists joined. AGMA is very strong among singers and dancers in the opera, concert, and ballet fields but counts only about a third of the concert instrumentalists on its rolls. Obviously AGMA does not have a union shop as does the American Federation of Musicians. All professional musicians, including concert artists, must belong to the apathetic AFM, but soloists need not belong to AGMA, though it is about the only hope they have of winning more control over their economic situation, notably the "differential." Indeed, there are those who think that AGMA is the key to "chains of management" problem.

An important explanation for the



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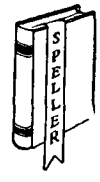

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relatively small number of AGMA members among solo instrumentalists is fear. "Management," explains one young recitalist who supports AGMA in principle but not with dues, "has life and death power over us. Except for them, there is no other place where we can get any guarantee of employment. They have not forbidden us to join AGMA, but they tell us we don't need a union."

How to Avoid 'Listening Fatigue'

The artist on the organized-audience circuit will also find that he is not entirely free to plan his own program. Luben Vichey of National Artists and Civic denies that his office exercises program supervision, but some of his younger artists report difficulties. Frederick Schang of Columbia and Community laughs and agrees heartily, "Guilty as charged!," when asked if Community censors programs. "We do not make suggestions to established artists, but one of the reasons youngsters who are starting out pay us a commission is to get the experience of their elders. A large part of the audience isn't trained to listen for a long time. They get overcome by listening fatigue."

To the distaste of many musicians, Schang regards with great favor a characteristic program by the Paganini String Quartet which sandwiches between two full quartets a "Heart of the String Quartet" section that includes eight movements from eight different quartets. "Is the music any less good that way?" asks Schang. "It's the same music, isn't it?"

Musicians, most of them anyway, feel strongly that if they cannot play a program in which they believe, they can't possibly communicate what they have to express to an audience. They also feel that Schang and other management officials underestimate organized audiences.

"It seems to me," says independent manager Herbert Barrett, "that Community and Civic fail to realize that whether they like it or not, they're in a position to help determine the tastes of non-metropolitan areas. They have a responsibility, I feel, to raise that taste, but they refuse to accept it."

The artist new to the organized wheel will also find out that there is an increasing trend toward group packages instead of soloists when new talents are started on the road. "There is no reason," declares Mr. Schang, "why a young soloist should feel he has the *right* to be heard alone. He's a commodity on the market. If he's outstanding, he'll get solo engagements soon enough." Synthetic groups are formed by the managements to give the organized audiences more "variety," and a somewhat stunned piano soloist may find himself on the same tour with a violinist, a dancer, a harpist, a female singer, and a male singer. He'll have part of the program to himself, but his dreams of glory at Juilliard were rather differently populated.

No Chance to Advance

Worst and most discouraging of all that the young artist will discover after two or three years of being on Community or Civic tours is the fact that he cannot establish a career by the organized-audience route. He can make a moderate income for a time and he can get the important experience of playing for audiences, but in terms of career, he winds up three seasons of Community or Civic about where he started. Management points to luminous alumni of Civic and Community like George London, Nan Merriman, Isaac Stern, Mario Lanza, and the late William Kapell. In nearly every case, however, not one of these successful graduates broke into a prominent career without a particular push by management, the financial backing of a patron, or both. Kapell became a personal project of the powerful Arthur Judson of Columbia Artists; Stern had financial help; and so on.

"I feel that Community and Civic have done many valuable things," says Herbert Barrett, "but I would say categorically that not one career has been built by means of Community or Civic alone."

The young artists feel the main reason their careers stay on a treadmill while they're with Civic or Community (and where else is there to go?) is that it is impossible for most of them to get re-engagements in Civic or Community towns. Both managements deny that a policy exists forbidding re-engagements, but the charge of cellist Gerald Warburg in a letter to the *Times* last year appears to have strong foundation, especially with regard to Community. "Since re-engagements of any one artist in any one community except after a period of years is discouraged," Warburg wrote, "no permanent public has been established on this series for any young artist, no matter how great his success with the audience. This does not help any artist make a career. It simply provides variety for the audience on the theory that hearing or seeing an artist once is enough and that it is easier to sell new names each year."

"The result," says Herbert Barrett, "is that the artist is denied the normal growth of his career. In the old days, every artist had his audience in a particular city and he could return to it again and again. It's still that way in Europe. That kind of continuity, after all, is, or should be, the nature of this business. But when managements acquiesce in the idea of novelty, they do everyone—artist, audience, and themselves—a disservice."

Rattling the Chains

In the most concentrated attack on big management ever published, Abram Chasins, music director of New York's WQXR and a concert recitalist for twenty years, titled a chapter in his book *Speaking of Pianists* (Knopf, 1957) "The Chains of Management." In the course of his indictment, he describes a characteristic Civic or Community soloist at the end of three or four years: "He realizes that it matters little what he does or how he does it. He remains rigidly frozen in his niche. . . . There is room at the top, which they can never reach from their pigeonholes, and at the bottom, from which they cannot escape. In between is No Man's Land."

Within this No Man's Land are a number of the most brilliant American musicians of this generation. Seymour Lipkin in 1948 won the most exacting piano contest ever devised in the United States. It was sponsored by the Rachmaninoff Fund; the judges included Vladimir Horowitz, Erich Leinsdorf, Abram Chasins, and many other notables; and auditions were held throughout the country. One of the prizes was an

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unprecedented joint contract with Columbia and National for a year along with a series of bookings with nearly every major American symphony orchestra for the year. There was also to be an RCA Victor recording session.

Lipkin received extraordinary reviews everywhere, but big management lost interest at the end of the year. Lipkin went on the Civic circuit, where he remains. His reviews are still resplendent, but he is not heard with the number of first-rate orchestras his talent merits, nor is his income remarkable. Not even the recordings came through. Lipkin made them, but Victor was in the process of changing from 78-r.p.m. to long-playing records at that time and never did release the performances.

"The managements were interested," says a pianist contemporary of Lipkin, "in selling Lipkin while he was hot from the publicity that came with the Rachmaninoff contest. But they didn't try to help him build a long-range career. They didn't try to develop and sustain interest in him. That's their main fault—they're so shortsighted."

"What is needed is *interest* on the part of the managements," one musician emphasized, "in helping us build *long-term* careers. You can stir that interest now if you have money of your own to help promote your career or money to hire your own personal representative to deal with management. Otherwise, you get lost."

"DON'T get me wrong," says another musician who has been through the organized-audience circuit. "All of us feel that Civic and Community have organized and created new audiences for music, and they allow us to eat for a while. But they don't answer our basic problem. The only answer I can think of is Federal and state subsidy or perhaps foundation support, but I doubt whether there's hope of enough of that kind of aid to really help. So, eventually many of us wind up in Broadway pit bands or wherever we can. And we all," he said wearily, "teach. And what can we tell those of our pupils who turn out to have the musical capacity to be soloists but who don't have a private income?"

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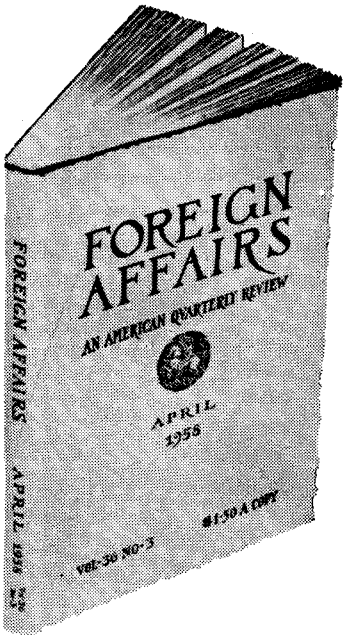

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CHANNELS:

A Message to the Sponsor

MARYA MANNES

In a TV detergent commercial emphasizing the diaper problem, a young mother hears her infant cry and says, "Oh no, not again!"

This is a cry that could be shared by many millions. If the programs have reached, in the words of a prominent advertiser, "the index of boredom," then commercials have surely reached an index of repetition that is unbearable. I don't know how viewers can endure one more housewife saying "Can *anything* be better than Tide?," one more comparison of whiteness (what *is* a "deeper white?"), one more merry family at breakfast, one more view of dishes under water, or one more animation of the intestinal tract. With few exceptions, the commercial is a signal for inattention or absence from the screen. And although the sales of the products involved may—and still do—belie this, advertisers should not rely too much longer on the efficacy of their present techniques, on their abysmal lack of imagination, and on the dazed tolerance of viewers.

A Subtler Seduction

The point is that they need not. For there are ways, already in process, by which the commercial itself could joyfully arrest attention, at once selling the product and enchanting the viewer. They are ways that have been used for years by the best advertisers in printed media, by industrial designers, and by decorators, and their origin lies in the use of abstract art to give familiar realities new meaning. If there is one thing that marks television advertising as behind the times, it is its total lack of aesthetics. Visually, it is in the age of Lydia Pinkham. In spite of millions spent on motivational research, it is still assumed that the viewer's hearing and eyesight are defective and his mind arrested, and that only a pile driver can get through to his consciousness.

Well, Europeans and a few brave natives don't think so. They have a higher regard for the human mechanism and a subtler approach to the art of seduction. In recent months I have seen three separate evidences of this approach that could usher in a new day for commercial television and a bonanza for its captive but now uncaptivated audience.

One of them is Arco Film Productions, Inc., a firm that produces movie commercials in Europe and has thrust a thin wedge into the field of TV commercials here. I have seen more than a dozen of their Paris-made movie-theater commercials, and I can honestly say that ten of them were brilliant and witty adventures

in the synchronization of line, music, and color. I remember several vividly. One was a stocking ad in which a pair of legs, repeated prismatically by trick photography, formed a ballet of patterns, changing, fusing, and flowering like a kaleidoscope. Another was a girdle ad, starting with an abstract cat's cradle of Lastex thread that winds itself into a girdle—or a chorus of girdles—which in turn stretch, contract, shimmy, bend, and dance in a poem of flexibility. Still another concerned plastic ware, and here the pleasure was in the ovoid forms of the ware itself, its placement in space, the precision of line and color.

In each of these, the musical score and the sound-track tone were of concert quality. More important, a minimum of words was used. The image of the product was impressed on the mind less by static presentation than by variation of approach, the essence captured and the name usually withheld until the final visual fillip. I remember also an institutional ad on electronic equipment that by highly artistic comic animation traced electricity from the thunderbolts of Greek gods to the modern miracles. As in other commercials for mechanical equipment, the component parts of the product concerned were used clearly but imaginatively to form an ultimate whole. In each case the story was told with humor and a respect for the viewer that could not help create a favorable attitude toward the manufacturer who sponsored it.

It is true that these commercials were made for movie screens and in color, and there is no doubt that color is a great enhancement. And as they stand, they are too long and too expensive for domestic TV uses. But the inventiveness of their techniques, their gaiety, and their bravura could be equally manifest in reduced form and in black and white. In a few spots that Arco has made for American advertisers—Procter & Gamble, Johnson & Johnson, Alcoa, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, and others—there are indications of what greater freedom could produce. I remember especially a stroboscopic Band-Aid commercial, involving children at play, that was fresh and effective; and a mother-and-infant soap ad that, confining itself to hands and baby feet, was artful, tender, and visually rewarding. A small step, to be sure, but in the right direction.

Another group called Allend'or Productions, this time American in origin and activity, has produced some extremely witty and handsome commercials for Renault to advertise the Dauphine in a combination of animated narratives—the best were fables of man's evolution from cave to car—and straight photography. These will be shown by Renault dealers across the country, in movie houses and on some television screens. But they too have encountered the massive resistance of American agencies to any new approach that might assume intelligence on the viewer's part, or appeal to developed senses. The advertiser is paralyzed with fear; he prefers the stagnation of long-accepted tech-

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STOP SAYING THAT TRAVEL IS TOO EXPENSIVE

Freighters are the secret of low cost travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York or California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a 'round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, South America; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or elsewhere. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get 'Travel Routes Around the World'."

It's yours for just $1, and the big 129 page 1958 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost.

A big $1 worth especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

AMERICA BY CAR

This big book is your insurance of seeing all the four-star sights in whatever corner of the U. S. or Canada you drive to (and it even covers Mexico and Cuba as well).

Day by day, **America by Car** tells you where to go from Alaska to Mexico. Whether you're visiting New England or California, Florida or the National Parks, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, California, the East, the South or the Southwest, the Indian country, etc., it tells you road by road the scenic way to go and it always directs you to the important sights along the way and in the cities.

In Niagara or Los Angeles, Washington or New Orleans, the Black Hills or Montreal, **America by Car** takes the guesswork out of travel. Of course it names hundreds upon hundreds of **recommended** places to eat and stay.

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America by Car is fully 170,000 words in length. But it costs only $2.50, while it helps you see any part of America as you've probably never before explored this part of the world.

WHERE TO RETIRE OR VACATION

. . . at what look like prewar prices—and where no one ever heard of nerves or worries

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

In **Off-the-Beaten Path,** the latest book by Norman Ford, you read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side.

Here are the real U S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. And for good measure you also read about the low cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico.

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—That undiscovered region where winters are as warm as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less.

—That island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there).

—France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland or age old Spanish hamlets right in our own U.S.

—That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners, and a fine arts program.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to a different kind of retirement or vacation made all the more attractive by the rock-bottom prices. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

HOW TO GET BY IN MEXICO

Listen for less than an hour

—do it a dozen times or so— and then speak the 700 words that lift you over the language barrier in Mexico, Spain, Cuba, and most of South America

Announcing Harian's new 12-inch long playing record

THE 700 WORDS YOU NEED MOST IN SPANISH-SPEAKING COUNTRIES *with 32-page vest-pocket size word reminder*

These are the words to help you at the hotel, when shopping, on the train etc. Whether you want to ask the price, say "Thanks," comment on the weather, send away your laundry, or make yourself understood as you wander around, Harian's 33 R.P.M. long playing record really helps you get what you want.

Psychologists say that if you listen to foreign words a dozen times or so, you've learned them "for keeps." So this is the fast, easy way to learn the important words you need to get by in any Spanish-speaking country.

When you listen to this record, you hear the words in both English and Spanish. You know what the words mean, you recognize them when you hear them, and you know how to pronounce them. The accompanying 32-page vest-pocket size word reminder familiarizes you with these words still more. You recognize them when you see them in print, you know what they mean, and because this word reminder is so convenient to carry, you'll take it wherever you go to refresh your memory and always know what to say and how to say it.

A 12-inch record gives you almost twice as many words as would a 10-inch record. If you know what 10-inch language records sell for, you'd think $5.95 a reasonable price for Harian's 12-inch record and word reminder. But Harian's "The 700 Words You Need Most in Spanish Speaking Countries" plus the word reminder costs only $2 95.

When $2.95 can make such a great difference in how you enjoy your trip in Spanish speaking countries. it's not worth while trying to get along without this record and word reminder. So send for yours today.

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RECORDS PLUS WORD REMINDERS

- ☐ The 700 words you need most in Spanish-speaking Countries (Mexico, Cuba, Spain, and most of South America). $2.95.
- ☐ The 700 words you need most in France. $2.95.
- ☐ The 700 words you need most in Germany. $2.95.
- ☐ The 700 words you need most in Italy. $2.95.
  - ☐ *SPECIAL OFFER: All 4 records above (plus word reminders) for $10.*
  - ☐ *SPECIAL OFFER: All books, records and word reminders above for $13.95.*

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niques, which require no decision, to commitment to new ways, which requires courage.

Miros in Motion

Still another group of pioneers trying to breach this wall of conservatism is Colortech Films, Inc. The young and dedicated men concerned are not producers but inventors of a method of film animation through electronics that could greatly extend visual techniques on film for either feature or commercial use. It is automation in the sense that it will make obsolete the millions of hand-drawn "cels" (transparencies) currently used for animation. To quote Colortech's release, the process "requires only one single piece of black and white art or still photography for each scene. Each piece of art is then converted into electrical signals that are controlled and moved at will in any given direction and are then turned into fully animated sequences. These sequences are finally transferred for reproduction onto standard film." Colortech claims that this process can substantially reduce the time and expense of animation production while it materially expands its artistic and commercial horizon.

I am in no position to comment on the first part of this claim, but I can say that some of the sample animations I have seen are fascinating in the freshness of their imagery, in their implications of much wider realms of visual experience. They looked like Miros or Klees in motion. Again, it was the use of abstractions to convey sensation, to suggest, but never define, reality. It seemed to me an ideal medium for the artist-in-motion, "pure" or commercial, and a way to bring people a new key to the world of imagination.

Here too, color plays a major part, and it is a cause for regret, if not indignation, that color television on a large scale is so long delayed. We are being deprived of a dimension which, properly used, could greatly enrich our vision.

But even without color, these innovators here and abroad are showing up the starvation diet we oversold Americans are being fed. On television we are confronted daily with selling techniques that give no pleasure to eye, ear, or emotion, and leave no single element to the viewer's imagination. If, as it now seems, we are to have no choice but commercial television for some time to come, a virtue should be made out of what some consider an evil and many a nuisance. As one who likes clever ads in magazines, I would welcome good commercials on television.

Unattractive, moreover, as I consider the chewing of gum, I am grateful to the Wrigley people for devising an animation unaccompanied by words and colored by humor; at least they manage to make interruption soothing. I can even go along with the rationalization of one distinguished producer of TV programs who believes that occasional interruptions perform a real service: a break in tension, a change of pace, a breather. My contention is merely that commercials could be a welcome and not an unwelcome change, and an addition in themselves to the interest and entertainment of television. They could be all of this if Madison Avenue would open its doors to people like Arco and Allend'or and Colortech, who could —if only the agencies had the sense to realize it—give the craft of selling the status of an art, and win back an increasingly restive and indifferent audience.

Has Marxism Become Subversive in Russia?

THEODORE DRAPER

Child of the Revolution, by Wolfgang Leonhard. *Regnery. $6.50.*

Much of this book tells a now familiar story of the Soviet Russia of 1935 to 1945, its people, politics, and purges. It is saved from the commonplace, however, by the peculiar role of its chief character, the author. He tells us about Russia through the eyes and ears of a German boy, brought to Moscow at the age of thirteen and a half by his mother, an old-time German Communist. After the war, the scene shifts abruptly to East Germany, where Leonhard became disillusioned—with Russia. This unusual denouement raises the most provocative question about his Russian experience and provides a novel ending.

The Theory of the Aberration

The Russian section of the book, as Leonhard himself recognizes, moves on two levels.

On one level, horrible things happened. When he was fourteen, his mother was caught up in the great Stalinist purge and sent to a concentration camp in Siberia. At fifteen, he was transferred to a Russian school because the teaching staff of his German-Austrian school was arrested. At sixteen, he witnessed in a children's home the seizure of another young boy by the secret police at four o'clock one morning. At seventeen and a half, the home was shut down because Stalin signed a pact with Hitler. At nineteen, he was deported with all other Germans in Moscow to far-off Kazakhstan because Hitler decided to attack Russia.

On the other level, politics went on as usual. Leonhard's young mind was filled with Soviet dogma and he accepted it dutifully. He became a Young Pioneer and then a Komsomol. Despite all the shocks and traumas, his faith in the Soviet system and the party line grew. Repeatedly he reminds us of this "dissociation" of everyday catastrophes, and "even my personal impressions and experiences, from my fundamental political conviction." He took for granted that his mother was innocent of the crime against the system; he also learned to take for granted that the system was innocent of the crime against her.

All this rings true to anyone who has ever spent any time in the Com-

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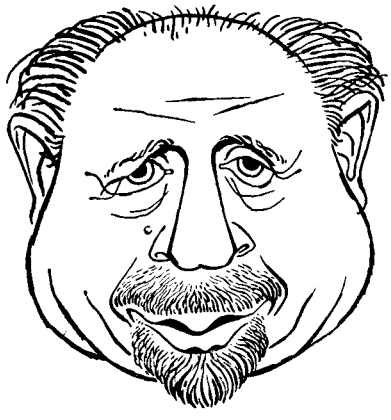
munist movement, in or out of Russia. It is an extreme version of the most corrupting and seductive of all Communist rationales—the theory of the aberration. It is the secret formula that wipes out any difference between the ideal and the real, that turns major crimes into peccadilloes, that insidiously postpones the day of reckoning for the perplexed and the perverted alike. It works its miracles from top to bottom: at this moment, Khrushchev is using it to explain away Stalin's awkward lapses from Communist virtue.

The German section of Leonhard's book starts in Russia. A chance encounter with a German Communist big shot, Walter Ulbricht, in the Kazakh town of Karaganda led him to a wartime school operated by the



Ulbricht

Comintern in Ufa, about 750 miles from Moscow; then to the Communist-controlled National Committee for Free Germany in Moscow; and finally to the small group of German Communists under Ulbricht flown in to Berlin by the Russians to set up the first political administration in postwar Germany. If in the Russian section Leonhard was like a German observing the Russians, in the German section he is like a Russian observing the Germans.

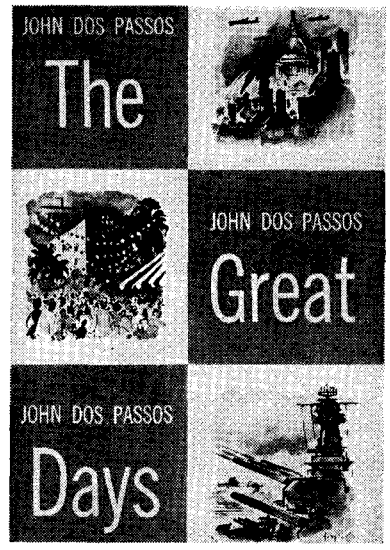
For some reason, less serious work has been done on the Comintern than on almost any other important aspect of Communist history. We have minor literary industries going on the Russian side of the story, the Chinese side, and now the American side, but the most rewarding challenge of all, the International, the only way to tell the story from all sides, has been neglected. (Why have our universities failed so pitifully in this field?) Thus, Leonhard's fascinating account of the Comintern school helps light up the last days of a unique institution for which the Russians are now trying to find a successor.

Whatever Happened to ——?

Leonhard also provides some valuable background to the various shake-ups that have taken place among the higher-ups of the East German régime. Rudolf Herrnstadt was deposed as editor of the central party organ, *Neues Deutschland,* in the fall of 1956. Leonhard observed him at close quarters in his last Moscow period as a staff member of *Free Germany,* the National Committee's organ, which Herrnstadt also edited. According to Leonhard, Herrnstadt stood out from the rest by his superior intelligence. We get a miniature portrait of the man: "What constantly astonished me about Herrnstadt was his mixture of western appearance, western clothing, western manner of writing, and exceptional intelligence, with an icy hardness which was only lightly concealed by his exaggeratedly polite manners and behavior."

The following year, in the fall of 1957, Paul Wandel, the party secretary in charge of culture and education, was removed, charged with "protecting" disobedient intellectuals. Leonhard knew him as Klassner, the principal instructor of the German group in the Comintern school. He rated him as "a typical example of the intelligent Stalinist." In view of Wandel-Klassner's downfall, it is ironic to read of him only five years earlier: "His intelligence was so much above the average that he was able instantly to recognize the slightest indications of an ideological shift and react to them accordingly. If the party line changed, he was ready from one day to another to adjust his opinion, and with crystal-clear logic to defend the truth of the exact opposite of what he had said the day before." Did he lose his touch? Or was he basely accused of nonexistent virtue to get rid of him as someone's rival in the murderous struggle on top?

One of the three high-ranking



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leaders disgraced only this February, Fred Oelssner, the former Deputy Premier, also came within Leonhard's purview. Leonhard knew him in Moscow as Larev, the editor-in-chief of the German broadcasts on the Moscow radio. Later he worked under Oelssner on party training manuals. Evidently Oelssner's fate should also have come as a surprise to Leonhard. To him, Oelssner was one of those who handed out changes in Moscow ideology the way other people sell mass-produced copies of Paris fashions.

Unfortunately, the man about whom we would like to know most, the chief Russian gauleiter in Germany, Walter Ulbricht, stalks through the pages like a political automaton. He raps out orders; he never shows the slightest signs of ordinary humanity; if only Erich von Stroheim were still alive to impersonate him! Obviously Leonhard never got close enough to him to look behind the mask. That such a man should choose such a mask unconsciously betrays the kind of movement he represents. Still, Ulbricht was once an idealistic young German boy, and one wonders how he got that way, and what his wife knows and thinks as she watches him strut and roar and destroy his old comrades one after another.

IN THIS WAY and others, Leonhard's absorbing book reaches out from the past to the present, and no one interested in the subject will fail to get caught up in the unfolding drama of a young man's indoctrination and disillusionment in circumstances alien to most of us.

Why was he eventually disillusioned? He tells us that he took the first step away from the party at the Comintern school. One of his fellow students made him the victim of a "trial" by informing against him. The charges were petty and non-political, and he admitted his sin of harboring "arrogant personal opinions." The crisis passed and did not prevent him from going on to bigger and better assignments. Yet the humiliation rankled. In retrospect, he sees it as the "beginning of a road" leading to his break seven years later.

Leonhard seems to be trying to be painfully honest with himself and with us. He repeatedly stresses the duality in his consciousness. "I still believed firmly that Socialism had been realized in the Soviet Union, and that such of its manifestations as were unattractive to me personally were not the result of the system, but were explicable by the fact that it was in such a backward country as Russia that the Socialist order had first been established," he explains at this point. But this dualism plays peculiar tricks on many ex-Communists. I have never met one who had not stifled doubts and suppressed questions for years. But for some, once the break has been made, the doubts and questions gush forth, erase the memory of everything else, and end by making a mystery of why the poor fellow was able to stay in the party for more than a few hours.

Intellectual Shapes and Sizes

After three years as a rising young functionary in the East German party, Leonhard had doubts and questions that began to break through to the open. He read western publications freely, but they made no favorable impression on him. He scoffed at the rhetorical appeals to freedom; the only freedom he still wanted was freedom from free enterprise. But some western writings did reach him and helped open his eyes to the reality around him. They were our best propaganda because they were not written by propagandists; they were written by scholarly and artistic searchers in quest of a humanitarian society. A pamphlet by Solomon Schwartz entitled "Trade Unions and Social Policy in the Soviet Union," Arthur Koestler's *The Yogi and the Commissar* and *Darkness at Noon*, Paul Sering's *Beyond Capitalism: A Search for a New Socialist Orientation*—these spoke Leonhard's own language, confirmed his doubts, and struggled with the answers to his questions. Is it any accident that their authors included an old-time Social Democrat and two ex-Communists?

Yet ex-Communists come in all sorts of intellectual shapes and sizes. The term is most misleading because it suggests a type, and the easiest way for anyone to rid himself of that particularly ignorant

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illusion is to get a few ex-Communists in a room together. But there are, broadly speaking, varieties of ex-Communists just as there are varieties of human beings generally, and a certain kind could appeal to Leonhard.

His personal breaking point came in 1948 with Stalin's excommunication of Tito. It proved to him once and for all that only one thing counted in the Communist movement: absolute submission to the Soviet Union and its (then) glorious leader, Stalin. It taught him that the short-lived postwar Communist doctrine of "separate roads to socialism" was only a temporary Soviet ideological maneuver. He instantly sided with Tito and did not try to hide his sympathies in the party academy where he taught. Betrayed again, he decided to escape from East Germany, and the book ends with his arrival in the new promised land, Yugoslavia.

In order to break with Stalinism, however, he had to convince himself that Soviet Russia had made a mockery of the humanitarian ideals of social and national equality. He did not turn against socialism by fleeing Stalinism; he turned socialism against Stalinism. To one of his background and indoctrination, the road to freedom was paved with the works of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. These men came out of a long, inspiring, self-destructive, and ever-renewing tradition of revolutionary social idealism. They set forces in motion that have produced a monstrous parody of their ideal, wherein they were not, to put it mildly, without fault. Yet the inescapable moral of Leonhard's story is that the humanitarian and idealistic impulse of their work has not been exhausted, least of all in the Soviet satellites. The possibly fatal flaw in the system is in the ever-increasing gap between the ideal and the reality, not in the fulfillment of the ideal by the reality.

This point need not be exaggerated. For every Leonhard who has escaped Ulbricht's clutches, hundreds have remained and accommodated themselves. And it was at least possible for Leonhard to escape from East Germany. If he had seen the same light in Russia, doing something about it would have been in-

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*Cradle Song, Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819-1881

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finitely harder. The favorite refuge of the younger Soviet generation is apparently cynicism, not idealism. Yet the appeal to the idealistic sources of their own indoctrination may be far more fruitful than to a system of values altogether outside their ken. Leonhard speaks for his fellow thinkers: "Although we were hostile to Stalinism we were not prepared to replace it with the obsolete conditions of capitalism, and we were on guard against propaganda which appeared to us to imply the payment of compensation to the big landlords, the restoration of factories to their previous owners, the reintroduction of the old political parties and the deliberate imposition of the Western system on the countries of Eastern Europe."

WHERE IS Leonhard going? It is impossible to say from this book. He praises Tito's Yugoslavia as if it had lived up to his expectations. Did he free himself from one illusion only by substituting another? This is not unusual. In fact, the all-important thing about breaking with Stalinism is that there should be a clean break; once the mind is liberated, for whatever reason, it can develop freely in its own fashion. Whatever the starting point, it is dangerously unhealthy to force the process of self-rediscovery, which, if genuine, needs time in a climate of freedom. Leonhard himself chose to spend less than two years in Yugoslavia. He is now at Oxford writing a book on Soviet "de-Stalinization," whatever that is.

IN ONE SENSE, Leonhard is among the lucky ones. The most fortunate ex-Communists are those who leave the party for the same reason that they went in. Those who break with their past ideals as well as with the party and have to revile them both—they pay the highest price in anguish and humiliation.

Yes, the revolution devours its children. But the grandchildren devour the revolution, and the great-grandchildren are ready to begin all over again.

Electra Brought Him Black Roses

GERALD SYKES

BITTER LEMONS, by Lawrence Durrell. *Dutton. $3.50.*

In 1953, Lawrence Durrell settled in Cyprus without any foreboding of what was going to happen there. As British press officer in Belgrade, he had become used to rugged politics; but now he wanted peace, he wanted to write. He bought an inexpensive run-down house and imported his mother and his young daughter.

All his Cypriot neighbors made him feel especially welcome because he had lived in Greece, spoke their language, and got along as well with topers as with schoolmasters. When an angry patriot was rude to him because Britain was blocking the Cypriot desire for Enosis (union with Greece), he turned aside the attack by lying that his brother had died at Thermopylae "fighting beside the Greeks." He wanted to forget politics, and for a while he succeeded.

He took a job teaching English in a high school decorated with a portrait of Byron because he had died while helping free Greece from Turkey. There Durrell profited from the traditional Cypriot gratitude to Britain. All his girl students wanted to marry him. "Every morning my desk bore half a dozen offerings—Electra brought black roses and white, Chloe a special kind of meat ball made by her grandmother, Aphrodite a volume of poems I had mentioned. . . . Invited to write an essay on her favourite historical character she never failed to delight me with something like this: 'I have no historical character but in the

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real life there is one I love. He is writer. I dote him and he dotes me. How pleasure is the moment when I see him came at the door. My glad is very big. . . .' Dimitra also wrote . . . : 'I am orphan and have never been enjoyed.' "

Meanwhile, in spite of all his efforts to shut himself off from politics, a political disaster was already descending upon the unfortunately strategic island. The Enosis issue had become acute. The Greek-Cypriot majority wanted it (as opposed to the Turkish-Cypriot minority), even though it would cost them more money than their relatively tax-free condition under Britain. At last they decided that the only way to get it was through violence. Bombings and shootings began; the British retaliated; an assassin was executed; the island's chief religious leader was exiled; world opinion was aroused; Cyprus became a focal point in the Suez struggle. The British government offered Durrell his old job of press officer, and because he needed the money and also believed warmly in the British position, he accepted. Thereafter he was thoroughly ensnarled in the tragic situation he had sought to avoid. He was so much involved that he came close to being killed.

As a political report, *Bitter Lemons* is built on the thesis that the tragedy could have been avoided. Durrell is tactful but firm in placing responsibility for the Cyprus disaster squarely on Whitehall. It was Eden's lack of imagination, he says, that prevented Britain from using wisely its enormous prestige in Cyprus, from satisfying the natural desire of the Cypriot majority for Enosis, while at the same time gracefully retaining the island (well placed for foreign powers but not for its often conquered inhabitants) as a bastion in the cold war.

Bitter Lemons, however, is not a polemical tract or even, primarily, a political document. Even though it records the political experience of a keenly observant mind in a time of rebellion, it does so chiefly in terms of specific Cypriot neighbors. To Durrell the catastrophe was not mere headlines: it happened to people he loved. The last part of his book is concerned with the death of a Greek schoolmaster friend who was shot by the rebels, dramatized against a detailed description of a ride the two friends took together to a flowery headland just before the shooting.

Readers familiar with Durrell's novel *Justine*, published here last fall, will be able to imagine how effective such a scene can be. With *Justine*, after establishing himself solidly as a poet, Durrell emerged as a major novelist, acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic and already proposed for the Nobel Prize. *Bitter Lemons* does not quite have *Justine's* verbal magic; it is more casually written.

Its freshly baroque style catches the Mediterranean scene, in my opinion, even better than Norman Douglas's or D. H. Lawrence's did. From the moment of embarkation at "a Venice wobbling in a thousand fresh-water reflections" to a final sad departure from Nicosia, we are in the hands of a master prose stylist. There is also evidence that during his three terrible years on Cyprus Durrell completed an apprenticeship in suffering that made him considerably more than a prose stylist.

Adam and Eve Wouldn't Bite

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Madison Avenue, U.S.A., by Martin Mayer. *Harper. $4.95.*

As a promotion, it was unquestionably a classic of its kind. The drama, as it came to be called, began to unfold in the summer of 1955, about the time when the Big Four were assembling at the Geneva Summit. Ford, with practically Oriental subtlety, let it be known that it was bringing out a new car to compete with Oldsmobile and Buick and, since things are complicated in the automobile business, also with Mercury, and that it needed an advertising agency. The largest agency without an automobile client at the time was Foote, Cone & Belding, once Lord & Thomas, and it wanted Ford. After several intricate months it got the nod, partly on the promise that Fairfax Cone would himself head the "creative group on the account." That was almost, though not quite, like buying a Chevrolet on the understanding that Harlow Curtice would service it.

For the next two years, until last autumn, the agency and Ford Motor Company stood shoulder to shoulder and worked hand in hand to prepare for the launching of the Edsel—"the first new car to be introduced since 1938, when Ford launched Mercury, and the first ever to be thrown on the market in an entire range of models—four different series, eighteen different cars in all."

The assistant sales manager out at Ford—it seems unlikely he is still only an assistant—stated with more than a slight felicity of phrase and image: "The Edsel is going to be the only really new car many legitimate [*sic*] prospects have ever seen. This is a sort of Adam-and-Eve deal: every salesman is going to have to sell his first Edsel to a man who will be Mr. Adam and a lady who will be Miss Eve."

Ford set up a "Product Information Committee" to indoctrinate the Foote, Cone & Belding people on the new car and the latter were exposed to "stylists, engineers, product planners, everybody." Then Mr. David Wallace, the market research director for Edsel, sought the assistance of the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research. It is now, of course, well understood that the modern university combines search for the truth with basic research into how the public can be more scientifically bamboozled. At Ford's expense, the Columbia scholars found out that the automobile is a powerful status symbol, that Pontiac and Dodge rather regrettably are regarded as "workingman's cars," that an ordinary pre-Edsel Ford was associated with "brash"

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young men, and that an Oldsmobile had an ideal image. It was the car of "the adventurous man in early middle age." For these or similar findings, Columbia has awarded two master's degrees and one Ph.D., and everyone will agree that such scholarship should have its reward.

Where Is Everybody?

On the strength of this research, it was decided that the public would be engineered to the belief that "The Edsel is the car for the young executive on his way up." Wallace, a more staccato but possibly less toneful speaker than the assistant sales manager, said: "Our theme is elegance. We're classy. The other cars are all fixed in a hierarchy of status, but with the Edsel nobody knows who snoots whom. Fine." After further discussion it was decided, inexplicably, to substitute the middle-class family for the young executive on the way up. This change was fatal, but that is running ahead of the story.

After the research was completed and the status symbol had been fixed came the planning of the advertising campaign—eight million dollars in the first four months. A mighty television spectacular was planned for the day when the Edsel was to go on sale—crowds would be seen swarming into the showrooms as the cars were unveiled. Eventually this was discarded as too expensive and because of the fear that the brilliance of the show would blind people to the brilliance of the car. The failure to blind people may have represented a secondary error of judgment.

In any case, a more orthodox campaign was planned around the thoughtful theme "This is the Edsel." Under these words the copywriters wrote the assumed reactions of the customers. They were under instruction to keep these "as simple (even as banal) as possible." This they were able to accomplish with the existing resources of the industry. The pictures in the ads were restrained. Fairfax Cone, with all the authority of his creative leadership, said they were meant to show a college-educated salesman telling a college-educated customer, in a reasonable way, why he should buy this car and why he would be pleased to be seen riding around in it. Both salesman and customer were, possibly, the Columbia M.A.s.

By the time the Edsel was ready, so was the campaign. Both were unleashed on the public, and the only difficulty was that the public response was poor. It is now clear what happened. The shift to the middle-class family was disastrous. The Edsel was really the car of a young executive on the way up, and by now the middle-class family was on the way down. The scholars at Columbia had been supremely right, as one could have known. Ford and the creative group at Foote, Cone & Belding completely missed their market. The Russians would have done it so much better.

THE TIME has come to give credit for these findings. Apart from the conclusions just stated, they are based roughly on Martin Mayer's recent book on the advertising business, which devotes one of its nineteen chapters to the selling of the Edsel. The rest of the book is concerned with matters of nearly equivalent social and economic importance and of wholly equivalent interest. It is, in fact, a very good book.

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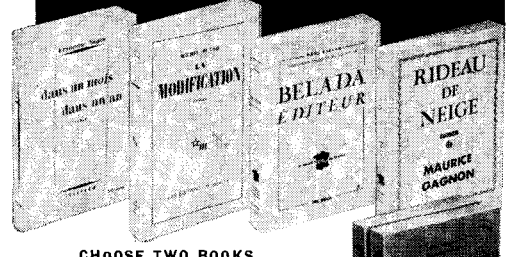

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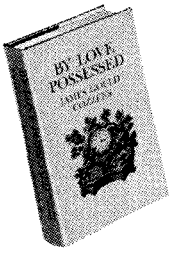

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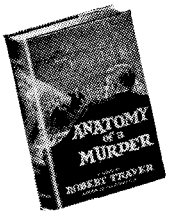

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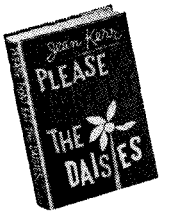

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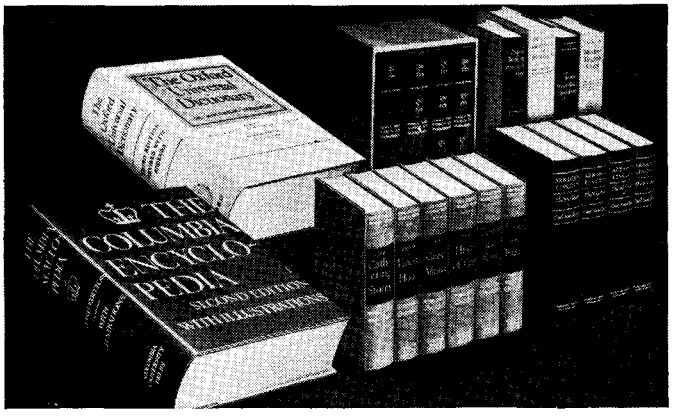

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